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Rev. Dr. Chisholm's

MEMOIRS

OF

A MAN OF FASHION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INCLUDING

Anecdotes

OF

MANY CELEBRATED PERSONS,

WITH WHOM HE HAD

INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

“ Blame where you must—be candid where you can.”

JOHNSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

A MAN OF FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

Lungi da te, ben mio
Viver si non poss'io.

IN spite of the high charges at Long's, so attached did I get to this hotel, that I could not live out of it when in town. Indeed, there is more of *life* to be seen here in a week than

elsewhere in six months ; and as I had now become a student of human nature, and derived all my amusement from reading men, instead of books, as formerly, I took my station as an observer of passing events.

It has been a kind of fashion to abuse Long's hotel ; but unjustly. No man will give longer credit than he, if *he can see his way* ; no man is more accommodating if a customer is in difficulty, provided some substantial friend will be responsible at any period, however distant ; nor are his charges, after all, very different from those of other expensive hotels, where not half the experience can be gained. Colonel B——, an honorable too, ought

to bear testimony to this, for he has long abused *Long* indulgence.

The parson, who is a witty dog, agreed with me in this opinion, and observed, that at this hotel it is *long* tick, *long* bill, *long* corks, *long-suffering* on *Long*'s part at times, and *long faces*, if a greenhorn is not aware of what it is to live at an hotel in so fashionable and central a spot.

One day, dining there, I fell in with a naval officer, just returned from Paris. We joined company, and drank our wine together. His sentiments were so different from those of the grumbletonian, and from even the *detenus*, who laud France in order to give themselves

a superiority over *untravelled* John, that I must give them, although a little beyond the mark on the other side of the question.

“ You talk of France,” says the post-captain: “ d—— me, I see nothing in it worthy to be compared to old England, no more than a herring smack is to a man of war of the first rate. As for their soups, they are like themselves, weak but palatable: their ragouts and fricassées resemble their manners, all taste and disguise; their best wine (champagne) is like their tempers and their conversation, all froth and evaporation, producing an after void and irritability; their courage, quackery; their women, like their artificial flowers,

gaudy and fabricated ; their love, mechanical and changeable ; their attractions, studied and unnatural. Give me a soup as strong as brandy, and wine as full of energy as an Englishman's mind, and as generous as his heart ; strong as a lion, and full of good fellowship, every glass : let a chicken be a chicken, and a sirloin of beef be like *John Bull*—when alive all *game* and *fight*, and substantial when dead ; let a woman have a vigorous structure and a warm heart, a yielding disposition and a grateful memory, instead of being like a looking-glass, to receive every impression, but to retain none.

“ I like every thing *strong*, from our

bull dogs to the prince on our throne. Why is his crown more glorious than that of any other potentate on earth ? Why, because it is not a crown of iron ; because the laurel and the cypress, the myrtle and the vine, the rose and the royal oak, all flourish round it ; because the prince can drink a jolly bottle without reserve for his subject, and can drop a tear of sympathy with any one ; because, finally, he is not the ruler over a nation of negroes, of captives, or of slaves, but of a free people, who, by speaking of him as they please, gladden his heart and exalt his throne when they laud and do him homage. So here's to old England's and his health ! The little island will do for me ; so

your fashionables may migrate and be
—. A brace of your oldest Port,
Governor Long."

Here ended the tar's oration ; and I must avow, that what it wanted in polish was made up in sterling value and honesty.

Every day now presented some novelty. As I was driving my tilbury down the Haymarket on a market day, I got entangled amongst the carts, and my wheel became locked in that of an awkward whip who had run his dennet up against me. The driver was uncommonly high dressed, and had a groom, in a tawdry crimson and gold

livery, by his side, with a huge cockade in his hat. The master was just going to burst out into a volley of oaths, by way of *playing* the gentleman, when he looked me full in the face, and cried, “ Bless your heart, Sir ! how glad I am to see you ! I ask your pardon a thousand times ; but my *fellow* shall jump out, and get you clear in two shakes.”

This *gentleman* proved to be Robert, an old servant of mine. I saw all his heart in his face ; and drawing my hand involuntarily from the reins, I extended it towards him. He now exhibited a blush of conscious inferiority, and of pride and satisfaction, at

being thus acknowledged by me ; and I shook his hand twice on that account with a warmer palm and a closer grip. By this time the servant's servant had got us clear. " That's well done, Bob," said his master.

I liked this, because it looked as if he was a good and considerate master ; whereas, in general, the slave becomes a tyrant, and the menial servant, when raised to the appearance and situation of a gentleman, lords it over his inferiors with a rod of iron. I asked where he lived, hoped he was well off, and told him that I would serve him, if in my power. He gratefully and cordially thanked me, requested to be allow-

ed to wait upon me ; gave me his card, begging at the same time that I would pardon the liberty, and assured me that he should be proud and happy to serve me, which I believe. Then, making a very low bow with his hat off, which I returned by as kind and familiar a nod as I could, we drove off different ways ; his servant continuing bare-headed for half a minute, and staring with eagle-eyed curiosity, supposing me to be a royal duke *incog.*, never having seen his master so dutiful and respectful before to any one in his life.

The next day, Robert (now Mr. Skeggs) called on me, on foot. This I

thought looked like humility, and I welcomed him the more kindly for it. The waiter received him with much respect, which astonished me ; and he afterwards told me that he was a very *good gentleman* ; that he believed he was in the *play line* ; but that he paid like a prince, and always behaved well when he came to the house ; and *nobody don't know who nobody is*, said he, but as they pay. I saw, by this, that his origin was not known at the hotel, and I resolved, therefore, not to betray him ; but I was more than ever anxious to learn his history, which he told me in a few words.

After quitting me, he had travelled

He then became butler to an old banker ; and there he met with a very lucky hit. Old Omnium had a very delicate stomach, and could not keep to one diet. His daily bread was coarse, and he soon got tired of *always mutton* : he was *fanciful*, and his *sleeping*

partner was both elderly and plain ; but Martha, her handmaid, was young, and uncommonly blooming ; a fine stock of rude health, a crimson elbow, a damask cheek, whose colour increased every time she was called a pretty girl, besides a devil of a roguish eye, beaming from under long black silken eyelashes, raised strange sensations in the man of money's breast, and so bothered his accounts, that he cast up his day-book wrong half a dozen times ; and was so absent, that his clerks laughed at him, and said that old square toes was in love. This went on for some time, when he resolved to try his golden key upon the padlock of Martha's virtue ; in which, by dint of trying and

trying, he at last succeeded. Now did he frisk about in a new wig, and seemed to gain new life—

“ Such is the mighty power of love,”

until all, except his good wife, thought that the old man had been ground young again. Now Martha used to stay out late at night, and make a *long Sunday*, and ask for leave to go and see her aunt in Tooley Street, in the Borough; and sometimes be ill, and unable to come home; and then she was often taken with a swimming in her head; was sometimes quite *overcome*, and obliged to go to her room; whilst her master used to pretend to be at clubs to which he did not belong; and be

found out in lies, about dining with people who called afterwards, and unintentionally betrayed him. In short, Martha having very nearly been discovered by the appearance of the banker's wig, in a place where it ought not to have been seen, the banker found it expedient to dispose of her.

He imparted his secret to Robert, who stickled for a hard bargain ; declaring, that he never liked second-hand goods ; and, besides, the girl was so attached to her master, that it was doubtful whether she would make him a good wife. This highly flattered the banker ; he pulled up his pantaloons, and looked in the glass ; protested that he never would interfere with Robert's

domestic tranquillity ; and, after much haggling, acceded to all his demands.

But here Robert's good fortune did not end ; for, having saved one hundred pounds whilst in my service, added to the two hundred given him by another master, he lent out the whole on annuity, through the recommendation of an old attorney, not a hundred miles from Argyle Street ; which investment produced him fifty pounds yearly. Then, being *as down as a nail*, by the instructions of a third master, he used to play at put, and cribbage, with his fellow-servants at the public-house, and with the lower trades-people ; and, from knowing how to *secure*, he used to win all the *society*

raffles, and tossed up for his reckonings, and got presents from the maids ; and, by degrees, accumulated another hundred pounds, which, with four hundred of savings, and one hundred of accumulated interest, added to the banker's five hundred guineas, made upwards of nine hundred pounds. Then, a boy was born, which being the banker's very *moral*, produced another hundred, and not surviving a month, saved all after-charges.

Now, Robert informed me, he set up a *little-go*, not a lottery-office *little-go*, but a minor gaming-table, where hazard, pharo, and all games of chance, were played for low stakes, such as silver hazard, &c. Thither he

invited me to witness his prosperity, and I promised to visit him. He assured me that the best bottle of wine in his cellar should be mine, and begged that I would not think of playing, but only honor him by looking on. This, too, I resolved to comply with.

In the course of our conversation I asked him if Martha made him a good wife. "Delightful!" said Robert. "She's a *stylish comely wench*, and dresses so well, that you would take her for a *real lady*, bred and born. Law bless you, Sir (added he), she never liked nobody but me. She used to laugh at the old *fellow*, and cost him a mint of money; and she told me all his goings on; how he used to

take her in a *chay* to the Horns at Highgate, and dine ; and how they used to play at all-fours at the Horns at Kennington, and drink wine and play at bowls in Cumberland Gardens ; and how they used to go to the Halfpenny Hatch *promenade*, where one of master's clerks fell in with her, and master was obliged to be off for fear of a blow-up ; and how, at the Cumberland Gardens, the great actor —— was drunk ; and how he *spouted, and tipped her a touch of Richard the Third.* Many an evening have Martha and I talked over the old gentleman, and laughed at his rigs," concluded he. " And a very pretty conjugal evening's amusement," thought I.

When asked how he came by the cockade and the gay livery which his servant wore, he observed, that a cockade was a passport to high consideration; an honorable badge, which gave a finish to the gentleman; and that no one could be sure whether he was, or was not, a hero on half pay, or whether he was of the *Greek* light infantry, or the British cavalry. As to the livery, he excused himself for assuming it, by saying, that it was his *favorite master's*; and that, as he made it plain crimson, without a variety of cape and cuff, it was *genteel* (laying immense stress on the *first* syllable), without usurping any great families' colours or badge. He also told me

that the banker used to pur and sneak about his house a little, at first ; but that by assuming a menacing attitude, and *pretending* to be *violently jealous*, he frightened the old boy out of a little hush-money, and sickened him of the pursuit. Thus do our passions make us slaves to our slaves ; and thus do rank and respectability bend to our impure inclinations.

Robert now took his leave ; and I determined to see his *little-go*, for every scene of life had now interest for me. I shall now, said I to myself, know as much about low life as I have done of high life : all contributes to knowledge ; and, as the French say, “ *Les extrémités se touchent.* ” There must

be always a vast quantity of vice and variety in both ; but so long as a man is only a spectator, and not a performer, what harm ?

Et oui, oui là
On ne peut pas trouver du mal à cela.

CHAPTER II.

Caverne à l'avarice ouverte
Ou l'on court le danger certain
D'etre ruiné par la perte,
Ou deshonoré per le gain.

I EXPECTED to find at Mr. Skeggs's *silver table* only the dregs of the people ; but I found, in low life, as great a variety as in high life—curious visitors, interested visitors, foolish visitors, and visitors as *decoys*. I could have found nothing more at the two sixes, at the pigeon-hole, at the square, No. 10., at the *soi disant* club, at the red door with the round hole in Ben-
net Street, at the cob-web, or at the

mouse-trap ; or perhaps at the great *rat-trap*, in Palace Yard. Resolved, therefore, “ *parva componere magnis*,” I entered the cavern, not in search of luck, but of characters, and I threw my crown on the table.

The motley group was composed of men of the fancy, and of fancy men, i. e. game-cocks and bullies, professed millers, and those disgraces to virility who are pensioned on the prostitution of the weaker sex, and who serve as allies in the rapine of a night. There were also many horse-jockies and horse-dealers. I recognized, in the dress of a coachman, an old college companion, who, after running out a landed property, drives a light coach on the western

road. There was likewise an abundance of merchants' and tradesmen's clerks and shopmen.

Glorying in every thing that is *flash* and blackguard, here also were to be found the *great* Lord Leg, and the honorable B. C. acknowledged to be the best gentleman miller, the best blast, and the best hand at slang in the three kingdoms.

After losing a few crowns, I fell into conversation with the *quality kiddies*, and learned, among other matters, who were the new hell-keepers; what pigeon had been lately plucked, and how many had flown over to the opposite coast, after being *winged* and brought down

on this side of the water, previously to their escape. I inquired of my *chevalier servant*, what success he had had that night. He answered me, “pretty *bobbish* ;” for one *goldfinch* had fallen in their net, namely, a banker’s clerk.

I now joined these *respectable nobles*, and we went to a cock and hen club held in St. Giles’s. Here a flash butcher was *preses*, and a milling tripe-man was his worthy *croupier*. Our supper consisted of a huge piece of boiled beef at top, and a large leg of mutton roasted at bottom ; tripe and sausages were our side dishes ; *blue ruin* and *purl* our beverage ; every man had his lady by his side ; and the greatest *honor* and

propriety were observed, by one ge'man not interfering with another ge'man's *mot*. A very pretty girl with a *black* eye (not natural), proposed to me a *flash of lightning* to keep down the beef; and a sprightly female inhabitant of Dyot Street chid a companion for want of politeness in dropping a spark from his pipe on another lady's *vite* dress.

After supper, we had pipes and flash songs; and I must say that the *poultry* were very attentive to us. The peer and the honorable commoner seemed to be prime favorites. One very pretty Jewish orange girl clapped her hands when the gentleman miller came in; and turning round to a female friend,

exclaimed, “Here he comes, Moll; blow me, but I love him ! He’s not proud, bless his eyes.” There was not a lad in the room, the *cove of the ken* not excepted, as beat him at a blasphemous or a slang song, or at the low wit, which was the order of the night ; for all the company were on their *jeer tacks* ; prime, *bang-up*, and *down as be d—d*.

Politics took a round for a short time ; when Bill Simmonds, a *smasher* by trade, and a right *good* miller by taste, said, “as how it was a shame that ministers should suspend the *habus coppers hact*, and as how *sinecured* pensioners were *all as vun* as common thieves.” Here, however, he was called to order by the *cove* ; and by little Joey,

a post-boy, nicknamed *the lady's fancy*, who both joined in reminding him, as political *percussions* was discluded from the club, and only *tendered* to disturb the peace of the society, *vitch* makes bad blood. Brandy Nan from Wapping (not the famous brandy-faced Nan of the west end of the town, well known to the peer and to many *courtly* gentlemen) bawled out, “ I *coside* with that ere gemman as spoke last. B— politics and the *ins and the outs* ; let's have a rattling song ! ” Peals of applause ensued, and a song was sung accordingly. It was black-eyed Susan, in an ultra Braham style, by a flash hackney-coachman, who kept company with a doxy of that name. This was

rapturously *anncored*, and was sung thrice *de novo*.

We were now preparing to *pay our shot* and to depart, when the *preses* rose, and in an elaborate speech assured us “ that the ladies and company in general *was* proud to see us, and that we must not *wound their feelings*; true blue *was* their colours; freedom and ospitality their laws; and that *ven* strangers came to their *ken*, none of ‘em vas never allowed to pay nothing.” Lord Leg returned thanks in a *masterly* style, and d——d his eyes but they were noble fellows: then proposed “ *the cock and hen club*” in a bumper, and drank off a pint of purl at a gulp. The cove conducted us

politely to the *trap-door*; and the *croupier* stood at the foot of the ladder with *two glims* in his hand, whilst the whole company stood up and gave us three cheers. The cove said “as how he was *afeerd* that we hadn’t enjoyed ourselves, that things were rather flat, and that he was sorry we *comed alone*; if he had a-know’d it, he would ha’ got us a brace of biddies to amuse us; but he hoped we should do better next time.”

Now the pass-word was given: I felt joy in making my escape, and resolved not to *descend so deep* into the particulars of life in future; and to shake off my companions, after the conclusion of the present scene.

The peer insisted on our going to

Madame du Bois, near Leicester Square, as his *tiger minimus* was waiting for him there. We complied, and found the *family parlour*, like the *House of Lords*, adjourned. There were three peers and a speaker there. Lord Leg looked like Anacreon amongst them. He gave us some admirable imitations of the old mother of this respectable family; whilst a certain fashionable *paid his reckoning* by a sonnet on *Mary Ann*.

It was now broad day, and we separated. I returned to Long's, regretting the loss of time; but *n'importe*: all this was new to me—very different indeed from the old school. I lay tossing in my bed 'till noon, when I overheard a very curious conversation,

betwixt Sir Veteran and Crafty. They were disputing about a young man who was to be *cleared out*; a strange *workman* was to be introduced to do the business; Sir Veteran was to appear neuter, and to decline play; whilst Crafty was to seem to be pigeoned himself, and to fly into a violent rage. Now as Crafty had sprung the game, he insisted upon having half the prize; whilst the baronet maintained that as he was to furnish the *workman*, the thing ought to be *fairly and honorably* shared betwixt them; and that if it was not, he would not be compromised in the transaction. How they ended their dispute, I know not; for I rose hastily, dressed, and called on the young man; and, first taking his honor as to secrecy,

revealed the plot, and saved him, at *least this time.*

My rakish companions called on me at dressing time, when the peer asked me if we had not had *rare fun* the night before. I said yes; but with an air which meant *no*. "Why," cried he, "what makes you so mock-modest? what could you have more than frail females and jolly fellows, roaring bacchanalian songs, smutty conversation, and hard drinking? Why if you had supped with the ——, you could have had no more. To be sure you would have had champagne instead of the royal gin; titled rakes, instead of *street rakes*; frail females with coronets, instead of low wenches; but

the last have youth on their side. Then where could you get such rare speechifying, such order and hospitality, or a more prime chairman, and honor amongst thieves too!—but you did not see half the fun. If we had waited until some *moving* songs had been sung, such as “no my love no,” by *Snowball*, the *black beauty* of Tower-hill; or, a *bravura à l'extravaganza*, by the *Tinman*; or *Giblet's*, the cat's-meat man's imitations of *Conway*, you would have split your sides with laughter; and then the dollys would have got sentimental and watery, and *vould have vept with* exquisite *sensibility*, and have called their beaux *sinovating* rogues, and you *vould have had* the *hixterics* of some *Roxalana*

of low life. D—n me, do you think that female susceptibility and dissipation, wit, fun, and frolic, are confined to the higher circles? For my part, I like to see all that's going on in the world, from the prince to the potatoe-man; from the duchess to the dress-maker. But, if you'll promise not to be too magnificent, I'll join you at dinner at Long's, and bring the *doctor* with me; and afterwards I will take you to a cyprian ball, all in high life, as modest and proper as be ——d, and all in apple-pie order; so ——

“Arrah! Barney,” says I, “you’re a comical elf,

“But be a good boy, and take care of yourself;”

with which he went out whistling as gay as a lark; and taking the reins out

of *tiger minimus*'s hands, drove off in his tub of a one-horse conveyance.

Somehow or other I felt little in my own eyes, and not at home with myself, let down, and out of my element; but the peer is so uncommonly good-humored and droll, that there is no refusing him; so I agreed to have one more day's depravity; after which, I resolved to accept a certain duchess's pressing invitation to go down and hunt with her son.

Lord Leg made his appearance at seven with the doctor. We had also the Honorable B. C.; and Lord H— was to join us in the evening to proceed together to Mrs. B—'s, a *bouncing* b, too, she is. The dinner was excellent,

the wine good, a great many smart things were said, and we were all *ball pitch* by twelve, when we started for the merry dance, all in high spirits.

We arrived at the house of this lady, sometimes called Bang, or Bang-up, as a *nom de guerre*, who received us with all the honors of war. She is in figure rather a fine woman, and dances admirably: she glided through the waltz with Lords W— and V—, and next with B. C. The ball, which was a rout and a ball, as Paddy says, at the very same time, began by a waltz, proceeded to a *set-to*, and ended in a *general reel*. Jealousy, that “green-eyed monster,” proved a *black-eyed monster* to one of the frail sisterhood, who received *striking* proofs of *Bang's*

displeasure. At last the *pokerian system* was resorted to, and Madam Bang cleared the room, remaining *sola*, with the male creation, when the Peer Leg proposed to *restore harmony*; so placing himself on a sofa—

The lovely B——m by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,

they struck up a duet, which they sang with much *pathos*.

The party consisted of Polly Patten, the ordinary Mrs. Jackson, and three other *ladies of distinction*. Mrs. Bang gave me their secret histories afterwards; but the subject will come in better elsewhere: the ball is at an end, and the chapter with it, therefore, *buona notte signori*.

CHAPTER III.

“ ‘Tis woman that seduces all mankind;” hence we see the lowest orders in society raised to lordly, nay, to princely establishments; witness a faithless *clerk* in a high military department—a remarkable instance of the empire which women without birth or education frequently possess over the minds of men of the highest rank and acquirements. So much for morality!

This day I dined with Thoughtless in the Rules of the Bench, in company with Colonel *Petitor*, once a favorite with a high personage, whose friends, forsooth, expect that every guest who has been honored by his gracious smile must lean for support on his patronage and purse. We had Major S—, too, an honorable, who was what they call *working himself out*; whilst the gayer insects in the *west* may be said to be *working themselves in*. The major is contented with another man's wife, a set of *ready-made children*, and a canter on his prancing charger round the Rules, where the *plebs* take him for a mountebank, or for one of Astley's troop. Sometimes he enjoys the variety of pacing the neutral ground, and of

hearing the children hoot him, when on the *confine*—“*Ruler*, you can’t go any further—you dare not cross the street,” and the like. It being now out of term-time, Thoughtless could not *arm himself* with the marshal’s licence for the *pede libero pulsanda tellus*. He was sure of being speedily white-washed, and of an appointment in India; and it was settled that he should give a security to Sir Veteran for *putting him up*, which would make his fortune abroad.

The next evening I attended Lady *Dovecote*’s rout, where I met Strapping Jack, who introduced his duchess to me. They are very happy together. Let Jack come in at what hour he

may, he finds his good lady waiting for him, with a hot supper; and they drink their bottle of claret like jolly companions, as they are. Here I saw the bard, Lord Corsair, also Sir Watty,

“Who is, although 'tis known to few,
“Twelfth cousin to the bold Buccleuch,”

which is not the worst feather in the poet's wing.

I did not like my lord. Indeed, a schoolfellow of his at Harrow prejudiced me much against him.—There is treachery in his countenance—a sneer, a scornful smile and frown blended, that produce a terrific and repulsive effect. Besides, his cranium is so filled with rapes and assassinations, with

midnight horrors, matin bells, ceno-taphs, sepulchres, goblins, and charnel houses,—with woman's love betrayed, with spectre's visits, '*et plurima mortis imago*,' besides his ships, 'like things of life,' and his majestic swans which 'walk the waters;' that moody madness rants through all his lines, and he is fitter to frighten children than to woo the softer sex.

I also met here the Princess of Madagascar, and Mr. C. L. a would-be poet, who has all the madness of poetry without the inspiration; and who thinks, that stringing together warm and wanton thoughts, palpable immodesty and verse run wild, jingling rhymes and offensive sentiments, con-

stitute all that is necessary to obtain the *meed* of praise. From a lady whose name is not very *unlike* this, perhaps it may, or from Mrs. P. or Mrs. H. the pride of the *mews*: *il* (Mr. L.) *m'entende bien*.

I dined once more with young Thoughtless at his farewell dinner to the *K. B.* knights, every one of whom seemed to be gifted with the spirit of adventure of the Knight of La Mancha; for every man had a plan for making his fortune, when liberated from du-rance vile. Captain George M—— had a patent money-pump, which was sure to make his fortune; another could get *the Book* from friend S—d—y; and after giving him five hundred,

make his fortune; a third knew such a secret history as would make *the first* in the nation stare, and would be bought up at any price; whilst a gay West Indian was to clear half a year's good living by a Venetian *blind*; and Paddy O'Dogherty, or O'Fogarty, I forget which, was to make a year's rent under the *mask*, or under the *rose*: it little matters which. Well, thought I, what a flat I must be, never to have had the ways and means of these gentlemen, and to have understood nothing but plain sailing all my life.

But to return to the carnival turnout: I went many months after to this *fanciful* scene, and was put the seven thousand and second on the love-list of

Mrs. P—— after the peer Y——, not an X, Y, who was seven thousand and first. His lordship was a *shawl* (and a dear one too) to the lady, and I was only a *veil*; not the first who had served as a cloak and as a veil to her sins and vagaries.

I now prepared to leave town, and sold another thousand out of the stocks, which cleared all my debts, and left me two hundred in pocket to go down to the *chateau* of her grace. Sir Veteran, however, mistaking my retreat for an affair of necessity, gave me a friendly call, and proposed to me a very friendly thing in the following terms: “Surely you cannot have lived so long in the world without *being awake*; you are

too clever a fellow to make up your mind to being imposed upon all your life; you have paid forfeit long enough; now, you ought to redeem the time that has been lost." I assured him that I was neither *up*, nor *awake*, nor *down as a nail*, and that I had no *greek* whatever *at my fingers' ends*. "Never mind that," said the old fox, encouraging me in spite of my ignorance, which *he pitied*. After a little more prefatory matter, he came to the main object of his proposal, which was neither more nor less than that I should lend myself to his interested views; by taking a house, setting up once more a dashing establishment, and giving grand greeking dinners; whilst *workmen* were to be procured, not only to keep the

concern going, but to enable the *firm* to retire in two or three years upon a large fortune, flowing from the plunder of these our winter campaigns, to be arranged under the eye of the experienced minister of the *home* department; and as I was known to have been a fair player, nay, more, a dupe and a pigeon all my life, no suspicion could attach to me.

I treated this proposal with contempt, and as an insult; and, consequently, cut the whole junta, who ever afterwards hated me. Nothing more occurred in London during my short stay, except my being introduced to that *thing*, Lothario —, at private theatricals. For this individual I could

feel only pity. I could not *laugh* at his *deep* tragedy ; nor could I join in quizzing the butt of every school-boy ; I could not even stare at his peach-coloured car of folly, with two fellows more like laced church-beadles than a gentleman's grooms ; for I felt that, if every man would have passed him by as I did, the general disregard would have speedily cured him of his fever of vanity. I am told that circumstances have since placed him in his proper sphere, and assimilated his appearance and amusements to those of *very ordinary men*.

I now sent off my horses, and followed them to the noble mansion where I was to pass a few weeks in the amuse-

ment of hunting, and to enjoy old English hospitality, more refined, but not less generous, than in the days of our ancestors, 'midst *ladyes faire* and barons bold, in towers of strength and proudly escutcheoned halls.

I had ordered my travelling chaise to meet me at my banker's in Pall Mall; and as I was going down St. James's Street, I was saluted by, "Yea, yip, old 'un," accompanied by a light brush of a four-horse whip on the shoulder. I prepared to show fight, by raising my cane, and turned round to knock down the aggressor, when I recognized, under the deep disguise of a coachman and a blackguard, a boy whom I knew when he was at school a few years ago,

through my intimacy with a brother of his, who was ten years older than himself. "Well," cried I, "what the devil trade have you turned to, and why are you thus disguised?"—"Why, I'm only dressed like a gentleman," replied the youngster. Any thing but that, thought I to myself. But my reader shall judge.

He wore a hat as wide as a parasol ; a cravat tied like a post-boy's ; his little head was lost in capes and collars, and went upon a pivot, nodding from side to side as he leaned forward and *fanned* his cattle ; his cheek was swollen by the introduction of a bit of pig-tail tobacco ; his teeth were tinged with the bright umber of its juice ; he had half

a dozen waistcoats on; a coat half groom's, half butcher's, of a cinnamon brown, with covered buttons, and a flower in his button-hole; a pair of regent cord small-clothes, tied in front; his boots had a good polish upon them, being the only polish he could boast of. The whole was surmounted by a driving coat; and an indescribable grin sat on his countenance, like a hoax upon his better nature.

Thus was a very pretty young man metamorphosed and disfigured, seeming to have a hump upon his shoulders, by the squaring of his elbows, and his stooping forward to favor the motions of his fleet cattle. He was driving four beautiful roans in a mail, which

might easily have passed for a stage-coach ; he had a pet terrier betwixt his knees, which barked incessantly whilst we were conversing ; a bulldog, and four more of the canine breed, ran after the carriage ; a puppy of a companion sat by his side, smiling approbation of all his antics ; and two well-appointed grooms rode behind in the boot, who were the only men *in their place* in this equipage, and whose superior *style* and cut of dress made them appear more like masters than servants of the creature on the box. With respect to the fashion of imitating the dress of menials, I remember a Mr. H——n, who complained that he was in want of new boots ; but added, “ I sha’n’t have any made until my head

groom comes up from Newmarket, for I always copy his boots and breeches as the very best and last cut."

The youth in question was a candidate for the four-horse club, and he was practising in order to become worthy of election. He had, moreover, got acquainted with a popular baronet's son, and a lieutenant of heavy dragoons, who had done him the favor to teach him to smoke, spit, chew tobacco, sing slang songs, echo stable wit, drive, swear, and drink purl and porter.

I arrived at the noble mansion of my illustrious hostess, or rather of her son. When I began to write these memoirs,

I had resolved to give a circumstantial detail of the night-scenes, the moonlight romances, and the amatory proceedings of their roof, under the title of the *Veillées du Chateau*; but I have taken second thoughts on the subject, whereby ladies and gentlemen will find themselves *not a little* spared: many of my old, dissipated, and gallant friends, will see by *what I have said, what I might have said*: I shall, therefore, merely state that *la chasse et l'amour* had their attractions at the castle; that there was a lovely Diana, who would not have been so cruel to Acteon as that cold goddess was; and that if he had felt the tingling of his horns, it would not have been from a cruel transformation. If the crescent adorned her

forehead (in former times) she was not moon-struck, nor under the influence of planetary coldness. It was there, that if

“ ——— woman’s heart and looks
“ At (*noon*) were cold as wintry brooks,
“ They glowed whenever night, returning,
“ Brought the genial hour for burning.”

Here too, for I slept near the apartment of the goddess, I could hear *les petits talons* trip towards her chamber door: what was it? Perhaps it was a dream! some call all *life* a dream!

The hunting-season soon passed, and I found myself once more at Long’s. There, in a few weeks, I found it necessary to sell out a fourth thousand. Buonaparte was now returned to France; and things wore a strange

aspect. I became acquainted with a fresh set of dissipated fellows ; but a town life now began to pall upon my taste ; and I inquired what it was that made every thing *ennuyeux* and insipid to me. I found that it was the loss of female confidential friendship, and the society of her who could sweeten every care, give additional charms to every pleasure, and impart a keener relish to every enjoyment.

CHAPTER IV.

“ She had a form ; but I might talk till night,
“ Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
“ Ere I had told its beauties :—it was slight,
“ E'en as yon willow, and, like its soft stem,
“ Fell into thousand motions, and all lovely.
“ But for her cheek, look on those streaks of rose
“ Tinting the white clouds o'er us, now and then
“ A flush of deeper crimson lighting up
“ Their wreaths, like wind-kissed lilies :
“ Now and then a long, rich, ebon tinge,
“ Floating between them—There I think I see
“ Still, though she's in her grave, the cheek I lov'd,
“ With the dark tress that veil'd it. When I sat
“ Beneath her eye, I felt its splendour on me
“ Like a bright spell.”

SUCH was she whom I had lost, and
whose dear remembrance would oftener

have overshadowed my mind with regretful gloom, but for the fever of fashion and dissipation which deadens and benumbs our senses when the paroxysm is past. At one time, I resolved on forming a new female connexion; at another, I determined to lead a more active life. The premature decay, or rather destruction of an old friend, decided me to adopt the latter measure.

The Dangers of Dissipation.

Poor Harry Mortimer had outlived his health, his friends, and his respectability, 'ere he was thirty-six. A fortune, squandered at an early age, had procured him luxuries, and surrounded him with false friends and envious com-

panions. When the gold which attracted these carrion crows, who lived on his substance, was expended, they flew off like birds of prey to a richer victim—to a plumper repast. A knowledge of the frail and interested of the fairer sex had deprived him of female solace, either in a wife or friend ; for he dared not to trust the first, and he was not fortunate enough to find the second.

His furor of gaming had consumed itself ; and the sports of the field became insupportable to his diminished strength, and his still more exhausted purse. Debility likewise debarred him from the benefit of extensive exercise ; town was too expensive for his pocket ;

the country was ill adapted for the state of his mind, and for the lowness of his spirits: books he had never read; his intellectual faculties had been so neglected, that he could not now bring them into action; his prospects were cloudy and unpromising; his reminiscences insufferable: all the man about him was gone; the mere animal remained; nay, the vital spark burnt like a dim lamp, dreary and unenlightening to himself and to others.

His only means of retreat and of provision were to cut off the entail of an estate, by joining the next heir in levying a fine and suffering a recovery, so as to enable him to sink the principal in a canal concern, and to live upon

the annuity accruing therefrom. He heard, by accident, of my being in town, and wrote to me to come and see him as the greatest favor ; nay, as an act of charity. I did so, and thereby ascertained his way of living.

He breakfasted in bed ; read the leading article of a newspaper with difficulty, by the aid of spectacles ; rose at three ; could not shave himself ; dressed ; walked half an hour, until overcome with fatigue, or lay on the sofa until six, when he dined. After his soup, his hand shook so violently, that he was obliged to nerve it with a glass of brandy. His conversation was all complaints of pains, and disappoint-

ment, until he became intoxicated ; when a beam of humanity and benevolence peeped feebly through the haze of liquor.

He ended his irrational day by falling fast asleep, and being carried up to bed in his servant's arms. If alone, he smoked his cigar, and sat up until three in the morning, until brandy and water brought him down. If in company, he got intoxicated early, and was conveyed speechless from the table. Thus has he worked out the vital system. The only smart thing which he ever was guilty of, was his answer to a college friend, who wrote to him for money, as follows :—

Die Veneris.

DEAR HAL.—I am in a female scrape: come and bring me some money for my liberation.

Your's, &c.

THE ANSWER.*Die Mercurii.*

DEAR DICK.—I, too, am in a scrape, and cannot come, being also confined, but I send you the dross.

Your's, &c.

His end was hastened by a paralytic stroke: he dragged on a few weeks of miserable existence, unpitied and unvisited. Yet, do I remember this man, young, handsome, much-esteemed, and possessed of a fine fortune.

My desire of cultivating female friendship, and my determination of leading a more active life, led me into two errors. First, I placed my confidence in an unworthy object; and secondly, I purchased, a second time, into the dragoons; thus becoming an elderly cornet and a cyprian's dupe. I afterwards entered into a platonic attachment, which has lasted ever since, and which, without making the lady happy, has contributed much to make me miserable. With five thousand pounds in the bank, an annuity of two hundred per annum, my cornetcy, a tandem (for I sold my chaise), and two led horses, followed by a troop of spaniels and pointers, a French laquais, a groom boy, and a bat man of the

regiment as a stable-helper, I began the world again. Like an old boy, however, I resolved to make the best of every thing.

I was summoned to Brighton, to wait upon a certain general officer, and from Brighton I was to proceed to my dépôt. I gave another farewell dinner at Long's, and proposed driving myself off in the morning; but the weather changed to torrents of rain; in consequence of which I sent off my servants with the tandem, and committed my *corpus* to the mail.

When I came to place myself in the back seat, I was surprised to meet my tooth-drawing friend and a very gay

over-dressed lady, a complete *ultra* in fashion. The bone-polisher looked a little ashamed of the catalogue of lies which he had told me when last we met; but being possessed of no small portion of brass, he put a good face on the business, and spoke first. “Terrible night, my good Sir; quite *triste*; we shall have a wet journey of it, *fortune de la guerre*: allow me to present you, Mrs. Anodine, my *nouvelle mariée*, sprightly as a Frenchwoman, my good Sir, *toujours gaie*; you look charmingly; quite *rajeuni*; amazingly *brushed up* (a touch of the shop) since last I had the honor to meet you; *on se rencontre partout*; times greatly mended, my good Sir.” “Aye,” said I, “since the grass grew in the streets.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! *Vous avez l'esprit comme quatre*, my good Sir.” “ And you *l'invention pour dix*,” replied I. “ Good again ; admirable.” “ I always like to have *le petit mot pour rire*, my good Sir ; but the war has put us all right again, although it does a little counteract Mrs. Anodine’s views, my good Sir ; but, *à la guerre comme à la guerre, et à Rome il faut faire comme les Romains* ; Is it not so, my good Sir ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! good, *bon*.”

Here his wife trod on his toes and changed the conversation, by asking me whether I had read Lord Byron’s last poem, and whether he was not a sweet man ; and informing me that she

delighted in his horrors—all this in a breath, just as her husband's half English, half ill-accented French, tacked together to *astound* strangers, was rattled off in a volley upon his auditors. The fair lady now offered me a bottle of *eau de Cologne*. “Without this,” said she, “one should die, the effluvia in a stage coach is so insupportably offensive:” casting at the same time a glance of more than disdain at an excise officer, who made the fourth passenger, and who, ungallantly and inurbaneously, looking her full in the face, spit out of the window, and then gave a smile of pity. Madame, however, continued: “I never did, ’till this day, nor ever will I again, enter this vile, contemptible, inconvenient machine;

its motions are intolerable." "Nor I, either," said her husband (lying *comme un arracheur de dents*, as usual); *et c'est le ventre de ma mere.*" A very odd name for a *mail coach*, thought *I*; perhaps a family one: but *n'impose*.

Now she screamed—"Frederick, do hold me up; put your arm tight round my waist, or I shall faint; the jolting goes to my very brain." Here she placed his hand in a way *not at all disadvantageous* to her front view, leering and languishing with her eyes in a wild and perplexing way. "Take my gold smelling box," continued she, "and let me smell to it; I'm off else to a certainty." "I wish you were," muttered the exciseman. "I hope you a'nt sick, Caro-

line," cried the dentist. "Sick, beast!" exclaimed she, removing his hand; "I'm only faint; sick, indeed!" Well, thought I, she can take her own part. The colour (of the deepest crimson) now flew to her cheek, which added much to her attractions, although it showed that all her passions were strong and ungovernable. She now nibbled her lips for about ten seconds; and then, resting her foot on the opposite seat, showed an admirably well-turned limb; and, casting herself in one corner, she gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "How cruel it was of you to make me go in the mail! I told you that it would throw me into a fever with agitation." "Humph," cried the exciseman. "You will be better when we are off

improper cross. This last reflection would lead me farther than I wish, and farther than would be pleasant to many eminent families, whose escutcheons would be sadly altered if a close and rigid investigation could take place.

It is, however, almost as desirable that a *chere amie* should be well born and well bred, as that she should be well looking. Love, however, plays us strange pranks in this particular; and, not content with dissolving all ties, breaking all bargains, raising contentions, and causing combats, assaults, and *enlevements*, he breaks down all distinction of orders in society, confounds all ranks, and overthrows all

reason and philosophy. For my part, I am of so aristocratical a taste, that I have never greatly admired a female in a very low class of life: for this I have been laughed at, and, perhaps, deservedly so: but such nicety has not been very general; for the most successful courtisans, the most favored companions, many of whom have been promoted to the conjugal couch, *per special license too*, have come from the very dregs of the people. Yet, so generally felt, and so well understood, is the effect of birth and parentage, that many a lovely wanderer tells you a long story about her being a clergyman's or an officer's daughter; and, I confess, that this part of the romance has high interest for me.

Nevertheless, those females who please both lords and commons have emerged from the darkest obscurity of humble life. Mrs B—, my informant,* Mrs. P—, and Mrs. M—, spring from the lowest origin—a bathing-woman, a coachman, a sailor, a labourer, a house-maid, are the progenitors and progeni-

* Mrs. B—'s celebrity needs no comment. So violent are all her passions, that she twice attempted her own life. The remembrance of the Crawford Street tragedy was enough to turn her brain ; and some periodical publication, printed in Piccadilly, greatly annoyed her. She is, however, not the less visited by the nobles of the land. She has a fine figure ; but, as a friend of mine says, in spite of every thing, she is certainly —a *great second letter of the alphabet*. Mrs. P. is the lady who keeps the frightful numerical list, in which the letter Y. (*lord* what a pity !) is so very low down in the love alphabet.

trices of these celebrated cyprians. What say Lords W—, V. B. and M. ; and Mr. Ch— L. the Apollo of the graceless, to this *exposé* ? The late Sir N—h D—h bought his black-eyed favorite from the proprietor of a fish-stall in Bishopsgate without ; Colonel S—'s wife had been a gipsey ; a Duchess of C— (title extinct) was the wife of an ostler : therefore the French revolutionist lady, who told me that love was a republican leveller, and not only a democrat, but a *sans culotte*, spoke true. As I was ruminating on this subject, the pretty Marchande de Dentelle passed, and I ran after her, determined, however, not to inquire into her pedigree.

After a short visit to her, a hard-going dinner, and losing my money at the club, I looked over my letters ; and finding that my leave of absence had expired, I bid adieu to the delights of Brighton, and started next morning for the dépôt, intent to play the soldier once more, at too protracted a period of life for a novice, and with the humble rank of lieutenant, to which I was gazetted this very week, my money having been placed some time back in my agent's hands.

On arriving at the dépôt, I was met by a very pretty-looking young man, who appeared to have just tried his regimentals on : the commanding officer, a very elegant, well-bred man, was

absent, unfortunately for me. I reported myself, therefore, to the next in seniority. My young comrade was nothing backward to get acquainted ; but hailing me as I went into the yard, asked, “ How are bets going at Tattersall’s ?” I informed him that I came from Brighton. “ Oh ! ” cried he, “ and how are all the ——— ? ” a name which no well-bred man ever gives to a female. I answered this by a contemptuous smile ; but he, very good-naturedly, thrust out his hand to a *frere d’armes* ; and continued, “ Is there much play at Brighton ; and is the Prince as fat as ever ? ” (I believe he had never seen his royal highness). These queries I replied to, by assuring him, that he might lose a fortune there if he wished it ;

and by saying that the Regent looked remarkably well. “ God bless him ! ”

“ So say I,” chimed in a very tall, fresh-colored cornet, with a fiery brogue ; and then he proceeded to find out a number of blemishes and defects in my leader, at the end of which he added, “ I’ll give you sixty guineas for him for all that, and take my chance of him.” I begged leave to decline his liberal offer, telling him that I would take my chance of him, as he formerly cost me two hundred. “ Ogh ! you’re too deep for me,” replies Paddy, with the longest oath I ever heard. “ Pat, you’re in the wrong box,” cried the first beardless sub, with a shorter oath. Now sauntered out a third sub of very

sickly appearance ; and holding forth his snuff-box to me, commenced an intimacy, frequently adjusting a pair of very ugly mustachios, of the colour of hay, and kindly telling me that I was just in time to be killed, as the next division was to march soon ; and there was bloody work expected on the continent. "Well," said I, "*chacun à son tour.*"

Now Pat forged a most out of the way Hibernian blasphemous oath ; and said if I would *post the coal* he would lay down twenty-five guineas for the survivor, and bet me the same that he would not be killed first ; "and then," added he (by the favorite Irish invocation), "if both of us tip off together,

the fifty guineas shall be drunk at the mess." The other two youngsters laughed immoderately at this proposition, but I declined making any such bargain. "We were afraid that you would not come to-day," added the first youngster, "and you're down for guard to-morrow, and then you would have *got goose*." "That I have already in your person," said I to myself; adding, "that having been formerly in the dragoons, I knew better than to outstay my time. White whiskers now took nine pinches of snuff; Paddy swore sixteen oaths, and betted me that he would leap over my tandem with a run, and we then parted to dress for dinner.

In the same proportion that a well-educated and travelled military man is the most polished and elegant member of society, so is a raw ensign, or cornet, emerged from school, thrust into manhood, and obtruded on man's society, tied on to a sword, and encompassed with a sash, a most troublesome and empty companion. Here was a fellow, for instance, vying with brother donkey in the clatter of his heels, entangling his *unearned* spurs in every thing, looking at himself, and kicking out the leg on the sabre side, in order to give more effect to his bloodless blade, and to make an additional jingle with his spurs' rowels: then fancying himself adored by the ladies; and round-

ing each sentence with a horrid imprecation, or something in the form of an oath, with no conversation but about horses, nor any information further than the address of some unfortunate female, or an extract from the army list.

With three such was I, however, doomed to dine ; for every other officer was either at sick-quarters, or asked out to dinner. My young friends made a dead set at me at dinner time, and anticipated the pleasure of seeing me carried off from the mess-table ; but I had been too long a sacrificer to Bacchus to be thus had, and I turned the *tables* on them. As there was no rational discourse, and as the *boys* had some beautiful *ecume de mer* pipes,

they were called for ; and I really found that the cessation of hostilities, in the way of conversation, which abnubilation and the stupefaction of tobacco produced, was of most beneficial tendency to me. The narcotic at last silenced my companions ; one sank in his arm chair ; one under the table ; one was *hors de combat*, and sick at stomach. What an intellectual feast ! cried I ironically, as I moved off to my bed. Sleep not coming immediately to my aid, I began to reflect on soldiering a second time at my age ; but the war had broken out, and I could not quit under such circumstances.

The next morning I was given to understand, that the morbid intoxica-

tion of the triumvirate was a great relief to the town; for that had they not been speechless and motionless, they would have sallied forth as usual to kick up a row in the streets, not from wickedness, but merely to make a noise and be conspicuous; just as a brother cavalry officer, an Irish baronet, at a ball at Derry, when the ball and supper, and the libations after the departure of the ladies were over, proposed breaking the chandeliers, to make a worthy finish; and being too short to reach them, armed himself with one of the long benches, and effected his purpose, in order to end the night with *eclat*. The chandeliers were charged in the bill, and the baronet passed for a fellow of spirit.

I had forgotten one felicity which I enjoyed, by joining a corps as junior subaltern. I became *boots*, and thus gave an opportunity to the *bantam chicken* to crow over me. The ensuing day I was on guard, and was bored to death by my new friends. One of them amused me by shewing me his new pelisse; a second, by submitting to my judgment a rare invention of his to draw the eyes of the ladies, namely, taking out the rowels of his spurs, and inserting seven-shilling pieces, to prove that *gold* was as mere dirt under his feet; a third read me some ill-spelt love-letters, betrayed a milliner's secrets, and informed me of an assignation with the parson's daughter. "She's to meet me under the elms," cried he:

“ I’ll go, if I’m not too drunk. The silly creature thinks that I mean to marry her, but I’ll see her — first.” Here I turned the conversation. What a pity it is to remove such young men from a grammar-school to a regiment !

At dinner, this day, I was as much pleased as I had been annoyed the preceding day. The commanding officer was present, with a number of other men of education and fashion. The conversation, after dinner, turned upon subjects too rational for my three torments, and ran upon topics of which they were wholly ignorant. One, therefore, went to the elms—alas ! the poor parson’s daughter—another fell fast asleep ;

and the third went off to the billiard-table. What a release!

News of the glorious battle of Waterloo now reached us. We all expressed ourselves sorry at not having been there. How many were sincere I know not. As to myself, I was quite unconcerned upon the subject. I rejoiced at my country's glory ; and could not repine at finding myself in a whole skin.

The war being concluded, I was now at liberty to put off my martial habits. I accordingly exchanged on half-pay ; I parted with my tandem and my four horses, which only paid

my mess bills, for I still had the bad custom of living beyond my income. I again resolved on migrating ; and after taking leave of the few real good fellows of my corps, I sat up all night, and threw myself, accompanied by my valet, into the mail, booked for London. My last words at parting with my comrades were,

“ C'est une belle chose que la guerre
“ Quand on est revenu.”

CHAPTER VI.

Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

POPE.

I SHOULD have slept a little in the mail, had it not been for a troublesome companion, who fancied himself a wit. He was one of those never-do-wells, who had tried every thing, but succeeded in nothing; having been in the army, in the navy, in the law, and, finally, in the commissariat. He was now on half-pay, and looking out for a

situation. His intercourse with mankind in the professions before mentioned had given him a superficial knowledge of the world; and, having visited in many societies, he retailed all the stale *would-be* wit of all of them, besides what he had gleaned from Sir John Carr, and other jest books. To avoid his impertinence, I pretended to be asleep; and after several ineffectual attempts to gain my attention, he desisted in despair, and I got quietly to my journey's end, jumped into a hackney-coach, and found myself once more at Long's.

I went to bed for three hours, but could not sleep; for the fear of poverty began to haunt me. Five thousand

gone out of my capital ; a small income, and a lieutenant of cavalry's half-pay ; lodged at Long's, and used, all my life, to expensive, nay, extravagant habits : a happy thought, however, now came into my head. And here I must observe, that, through life, I have hitherto been so lucky as always to have found in extremity some unforeseen resource, which enabled me to continue my place in the circle of fashion, either abroad or at home, and to remain in the same sphere, and with the same enjoyment of pleasures and of luxury.

It was now nearly twenty years since I had raised some thousands, by cutting down all the valuable timber on my estate. I had razed the house to

its foundation, and sold the materials ; and my rents were the property of my annuitants and other claimants during my life ; but there were some brushwood, and other timber, *then* too young to cut, which might be worth a few hundreds ; and as I had no heir, I was resolved to ascertain how far the lapse of time had increased its value. This thought produced me five hundred pounds, which made me feel very independent at Long's, where I jobbed a tilbury ; bought a pony to ride, which I afterwards took abroad ; paid my servants their arrears of wages, and went on for some weeks in very good form.

I next wrote energetical letters to a

number of persons who owed me money ; but, I doubt not, my reader will anticipate my want of success in that speculation. I got ten pounds, with a very saucy letter, from a man who owed me one hundred ; and a great number of kind, well-written, apologetical epistles from others, without one farthing of money. Afterwards, I called on a bookseller with a poem which I had written in Italy, with some curious annotations relating to some ancient manuscript copies of Virgil, which I had examined at Mantua. Without opening the book, the bookseller set his face against it, saying, that he did not intend to publish any poems, except from the pens of the most celebrated writers. He then bowed

me out of his shop. I forthwith carried it to a learned gentleman, a Mr. W—, for his opinion. He read it attentively, and admonished me to *revise it!* Now *refunding* and *revising* are dry and unpleasant tasks. I therefore locked it up in my drawer, and perhaps it may never see the light.

On my way home, I met with my well-bred agreeable *ci-devant* commanding officer, and two other officers of the dépôt; and we agreed to dine together at Brunet's. One of them had a fashionable-looking man on his arm, who proposed joining us, to which we readily assented. We sat down in high spirits; and, after dinner, the conver-

sation took a general turn. This party was not composed of boys and insipids, whose conversation never soars above the stable, the kennel, or the —, of those *things* who are childish in their boyish days, and infantine in their old age—who, being truly but children of a larger growth, never acquire, through life, more of man than the appearance. We were all full-grown men, and all men of the world. Yet, in this party, I discovered a character, until then wholly unknown to me.

I had heard of and seen the *Ruffian*, the *Exquisite*, and the *Useful Man*; but the present character is a mixture of the exquisite and of the useful man, tinged with the frivolity of a fop, and

the pavement," said I. " You shall always go in your own carriage in future," said the husband. " That's a lie," muttered the excise-man. " Were you speaking?" inquired Anodine. " To myself," rudely answered the *seizer*. " The only one whom you are fit to speak to," said madame; whilst the offender turned his back on us all, and shammed sleep during the rest of the journey.

When off the pavement, she by turns affected to be too warm, and too cold; rattled the windows up and down; drew out an elegant smelling bottle, and scented a folded-up white cambric handkerchief; rummaged in her reticule, took out a fan and fanned herself;

then put on a shawl—done solely for the purpose of showing the gold topped smelling bottle, the expensive reticule, the gold-spangled fan, and the India shawl. Then she shifted her attitudes a thousand times, to play off French graces ; and gave all the trouble in the world, in order to create interest and to draw observation. She next dropped a duchess's card, purposely that I might pick it up ; and talked of all the quality in town, as if she had been intimately acquainted with the whole peerage. “ Poor lady so and so, how ill she was the other day ! lord this, or that, was a complete bore. Did you answer the marquis's letter, Frederic ? Did Sir George promise to dine with us ? Do you think that Lady Charlotte is to be

at —— this season?" and the like, were the *entremets* of her conversation; whilst the dentist talked of the Pavilion and of the Prince, as if he had been an inmate of the family; pretended to have been in the secret of a certain delicate investigation, and asked my opinion about Lady D—, and other matters, with an air intended to convey the idea that he was better informed himself, but merely wished to compare notes. I told him all I knew, from visiting a great deal *not a hundred miles* from Blackheath; which was, that the great lady had been guilty of unbecoming freedoms and misplaced condescensions; that she had deserved blame for her attentions to the viper, Lady D—, and to the baronet, who,

I was told by a Scotchman, was noted at home for *not* telling truth ; that it had been the interest of many to misrepresent her ; and that Lady D—— wanted to make a job of it ; *et voila tout* ; but this I had from the best authority.

The lady next proceeded to sift, whether I was *un homme comme il faut* ; and being satisfied that I knew some of the first people in town, we continued friends for two stages. She now asked, “ was I in parliament ? ” I answered in the negative. This produced a fall in the stocks, in her opinion. A few minutes silence. “ Was I in the army ? ”—I was (a gracious smile). “ Doubtless, I had a regiment ? ”—By no means (a

sink). “Or was I in the Guards?”—No: (deduction in point of weight). “Or in the dragoons?”—I was (a recover). She now went on for a whole post in family pedigree; but, making gross errors respecting the Grosvenor and Cavendish families, she came to a pause, and pretended to be afflicted with a violent head-ache; her husband assuring me that she knew all the nobility, but that she had the most treacherous memory in the world. “*Elle est distraite comme tout,*” added he; but we were now in Brighton, and we soon separated.

I regretted rather insincerely that we were to part. To which she replied, that if we were in a barouche and four,

she should be happy to make the tour of Europe with me. I bowed my gratitude. "Exactly so," complaisantly said her husband, "*tout a fait, certainement.*" "But in a vile stage! oh! no, no, no!" "In a vile stage!" re-echoed her husband. "Vot of a vile stage?" cried the ostler (for the door was now open). "All right," says coacheey. "Come, bear a hand," exclaims the guard: "*shove 'em out.*" "The monster!" exclaimed madame, as she entrusted herself to me in descending the steps. "Shoot your rubbish," cried a saucy passer by; and here ended our journey. She allowed me to kiss her hand, and promised to let me know where they lodged, the next day. "Law, how proud we are!"

observed the waiter as she flounced by him; and the exciseman and I were left alone.

“ Do you know our fellow-travellers ?” said I to my companion. “ Know ‘em ! aye to be sure, and know no good of ‘em. I tried to pinch them once, but they were too deep for me. Why the fellow was as poor as a church-mouse before he went to France ; and a pretty proud conceited trollop of a wife he has picked up ; with her airs, and her expense, and her affectation, and stuff ! ” “ Who are they ? ” continued I. “ The fellow is a travelling dentist ; has broken, and been whitewashed, I don’t know how often ;

but he has now married a lady's maid, out of some nobleman's house; and they have, until the war began, a few months ago, carried on the smuggling trade with France. I have often looked out for them, but they were too sharp; and so has my brother, who is in the customs at Dover; but they have now changed their rout, and it is Brighton and Dieppe. What lay they are upon now I know not; but some mischief, you may take your oath: the quantity of lace and gloves that she has run is incalculable." "No wonder then," said I, "that she should *be hand and glove* with so many people of rank." Here our conversation ended. I supped with Colonel H—, and went early to bed.

The next morning I walked upon the Steyne; and the first person whom I met was one of the gay duchess's lovers, and an indiscreet one too. We talked about the pleasures of the chase, *et autre chose*, when another group from town came up, amongst whom were one of the B—k—y family, and B—e A—se, two of the wildest blades about town. I interrogated the former, respecting a walk in the Green Park, the meeting of the *Graces*, a large house in Soho Square, and the consequences of such meeting, wine drunk, quack medicines, and female complaints. A strange *melange*! but well understood by the *parties*, and the general topic of cyprian circles. All passed off

with a laugh, 'till I met with a second junta of rakes.

Our conversation now turned on the illustrious patron of the place. Some disappointed people wished to misrepresent his change of principles and of friends, when I assured them, from the *best* authority, that that person's friendships were unalterable; but that men and measures could not be taken together (by him), merely because he admired their talents, or prized their society; and it was quite unreasonable that every man, who, like myself, might have been delighted and felt honored by forming one of his circle, and had felt his condescension, and kindness in

private life, should unblushingly call on him for patronage and provision in his high public situation.

Lord Flute was then mentioned as one of his present favorites. *Et pourquoï pas?* said I: he is of an illustrious house, and has ever been attached to our *Archon*. To be sure, Lord Flute's face is like a dingy *whity-brown* board, fixed upon an unfurnished house, announcing nothing within; and his beardless chin again would better suit a gentle signor than the protector-general of the frail and fair sex, or the hero of amatory and of martial story. Nevertheless, the Thane has fought and loved, has bled and paid dear for *le Champ de Mars, et le Champ de*

Venus. Henceforth, therefore, let no one judge the man by his face, nor the warrior by his coat. Great families have (I don't know what the lady mothers in them have been about) changed their appearances most strangely. Our Percys, our Douglases, and our Mac Duffs, look now like —— Oh, flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified!

But to return to the patron. Does a *ci-devant* honorable major remember, that, when he was in distress, he received two hundred pounds from that quarter? Were there not two officers in the Tenth who had an allowance of five hundred per annum from their illustrious colonel? Did not a *ci-devant* cornet, now no more, the son of an

able but poor senator, accept two horses, to equip him, from his chief? In fine, in what instance was that personage ever deficient in a generosity the most magnanimous? No; let his enemies say what they will, if they examine facts, it will be proved most incontrovertibly, that upon every possible occasion

“ He had a tear for pity, and a hand
“ Open as day to melting charity.”

One of my acquaintances at the club informed me that our friend Versatile had got a capital appointment, and produced two of his speeches as samples of his talents. Something much more *pleasing* was produced to me at the same time, namely, *money*; for I

met with a *jeune militaire*, who bought two horses of me some years before, but forgot to pay me. He now, however, recollected himself, and paid me down three hundred guineas, which put me in very high feather during my short stay at Brighton.

On frequenting the rooms, I found that my military costume produced a good effect; for not a *belle* would walk with any thing but a military man. So furiously were they affected with the *rage militaire*, that their conversation was seasoned with field evolutions and military tactics; every lady presented a *good front*, and charged intrepidly if occasion required; flights and pursuits were common amongst the *lighter*

troops ; if offended, they could open the *masked battery* of their tongues ; and could overpower you, when in gentler mood, with the *artillery* of their eyes : they were particularly fond of *engagements* and *partial affairs*, of skirmishes and *melées* ; whilst they discoursed about nothing but *balls* and *enfilades*, the darling dragoons, and the whiskered hussards. Under these circumstances I was pleased to be included in the *partial engagements* of the place, and did all that was in my power,

“ Pour m'en tirer d'affaire,”

with all the honors of war.

Apropos ! I had quite forgotten Versatile's two speeches. The first was

written to shew the abilities which he had on sale ; the second, after he had disposed of his talents and his conscience for a satisfactory compensation.

Against Ministers.

Britons ! beware. The bloody ensign is again unfurled ; war is about to waste your substance, and depopulate your land,—to clothe whole families in mourning ; to afflict the widow and the orphan ; and for what?—to prop a rotten cause ; to establish on a foreign throne, a foreign monarch whose views are and ever will be hostile to us ; in whom we can expect no faithful ally, in whose dynasty we can look for no permanent advantage to the British nation. For twenty years has Britannia

bled at every pore in an unprovoked and rash contest; and what have we gained by it? We have filled the pockets of those who have made a job of war; and have strengthened the proud aristocracy of the country, which has ridden rough-shod over the poor, and demolished the foundations of the constitution. Well may each suffering Briton say,

“ *Quicquid delirunt reges, plectuntur Achivi.*”

Remember those incorruptible patriots, Burdett and Cobbett; remember, brave countrymen, the field of *Runnemede*, immortalized by the triumph of liberty; *Magna Charta*, our most invincible and impenetrable shield, the *Ægis* of wisdom, and the bulwark of force. Re-

member, “England expects that every man shall do his duty.” But how? By handing down, pure and unstained, unimpaired and unaltered, in their primitive integrity and independence—what, my brave fellow-citizens?—our sacred rights and privileges to our grateful posterity; else may they execrate our memory, and efface our names from the annals of British patriotism. Our duty is to petition for a change of ministers, and to insist on the immediate despatch of pacific overtures to France. Let our Gallic neighbours enjoy the felicity reserved for them by the genius of Napoleon; and let all our energies be exerted against those worst of enemies—sinecure placemen, pensioners, and corruptionists, who fatten on the ruin of the nation.

This rhapsody had “split the ears of the groundlings” at a popular meeting, and produced immense applause. But Versatile got a place ; and his next speech was as violent and nonsensical in the ministerial interest, as the former was in that of the opposition.

For Ministers.

Never did the eventful circumstances of the times more imperiously call on every true Briton to step forward in defence of the independence of his country than at this tremendous crisis, big with the fate of nations and of freedom. A deadly foe menaces all Europe : that monster, stained with innocent gore ; that modern hydra, who is about to give to Britain the glory of

his annihilation, to furnish still prouder triumphs to the meteor flag of England; and the man who does not give his last guinea, who does not drain his last and dearest drop of blood, if called upon, to strengthen the arm of legitimate power, should be denounced as a parricide and as a traitor: his inactivity is open rebellion; his neutrality is the worst of hostility to the great national cause. A wise administration, unparalleled in the annals of Greece or of Rome, unequalled in the days of Solon or Lycurgus for talent, integrity, energy, and promptitude, will lend its counsels to our heroes in arms, fighting like lions, *pro aris et focis*. Countrymen! your dear wives and helpless children are your Penates, your household gods and god-

deses ; combat for these knee deep in blood ; let your empurpled arms bring home to them peace, conquered at the point of the bayonet, the spoils of the fallen foe, and the caresses of the returned warrior. Arm ! drain your coffers ; time presses ; this is *no common* cause. In the language of Homer,

We meet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying on the plain :
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk :
War is our business ;—but to whom 'tis given
To die or conquer, that determine heaven.

Let your virtue appear in your patriotic devotion to your sovereign, respect to your rulers, and submission to the laws, and your triumph is certain.

I was conversing with a friend on the despicable baseness of such tergiversations and dereliction of principle, when I heard a shrill hoarse voice making a great disturbance. It was a prim old maid in a terrible passion, abusing the bathing woman, because a vile *fellow* had taken possession of her machine—the monster! “ You shall have the machine the moment it returns,” said the briny nymph. “ Me, cretur !” replied the old maid; “ what, after a nasty he-fellow has used it: do you think that I would be defiled by going into it after his nasty pantaloons had been hung up there? I tell you the machines ought to be distinct, and there ought to be no confusion of persons nor of parts. Who’s to bathe

after such varmint?" "Come, ma'am," says another, "let me give you a dip." "Dip the devil," said the ancient maiden, "I won't have no dip at all; and I'll leave Brighton, and go to some modester place. Fellors taking young ladies' machines—I never heard of such a monstrosity!" A crowd was now gathered, but *Miss* still proceeded in haranguing the assembly, until I burst into a loud laugh, and retired to my hotel. The bathing woman brought to my mind a modern *Venus*, who has fixed her affections on more than one *Mars*, and on more than one *Adonis*. I remember all her scandalous stories about the sisterhood, and, at the same time, her own, which is by no means destitute of interest or amusement.

CHAPTER V.

“ *Improbè amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*”

WHEN thinking on the subject of love, I have often considered that similarity of rank, or, at all events, gentle birth, must, to a man of family and of fashion be a *sine quâ non*, in the choice of a mistress. Education and habits imitate this advantage; but there must be some marks of distinction in human beings, as well as in animals, amongst whom *breed* is always discoverable, unless disfigured and deteriorated by an

finished off with the discontent of a misanthropist. If one might believe the gentleman in question, who certainly moved in high life, he had seen every thing, but liked nothing; had enjoyed all things, and despised all things, instead of, as the Italian proverb says,

“ La vostra bocca
“ Sana qual che tocca;”

his contemptuous lip and eye corrupted and jaundiced every object. “ If, my dear lord (to whom I now speak), your kindly disposition overrates and apologizes for all things and for every body—if your amiable heart makes every man the best fellow in the

world, and every woman a dear good-natured creature—finally, if you are an *optimist*, the man whom I allude to is certainly a *pessimist*, as will soon appear."

Lord Flute having been mentioned, he exclaimed, "Oh! I know Flute, the most inconsistent fellow in the world. With an assumption of feeling and of good fellowship, he is the most insensible animal alive. He despised his father, hated his mother; is as hard-hearted as a rock; and his great delight is to be present at hangings and other executions. His father, old Sandy, was half an ideot; and his uncle was famed for nothing but his longevity.

and his profligacy ; his aunt was shut up for mad ; and his mother perished (if I am rightly informed), by fire ; nunky was a miser ; the nephew is a spendthrift. His mother was never allowed to see her children. Once, being by accident in a mail-coach with the present lord, she made herself known to him, when her *dutiful* son jumped out, and would not acknowledge her. He is a complete eccentric, quite an exotic."

The Duke of D—— was next named, and praised for an act of benevolence, with an additional remark, that he was uncommonly good and kind to the fair sex. "Perfectly innocent," said he,

with a sneer. “ He can do them little good or evil ; quite a tame animal ; poor duke ! (taking a pinch of snuff, and throwing half of it away), poor duke ! a good enough thing though, for all that.”

Lord C-ch——e was next on the tapis. “ The son of a madman, and the tool of a party,” observed he ; “ thus being between a fool and many a knave. Brave, to be sure ; but who is not brave ? There’s no merit in valour ; it’s the fear of shame that makes a soldier bold, just as it is the fear of detection that makes a tradesman honest ; but as a patriot, or a speaker, my lord is all leather and prunella.”

My methodistical friend, who used to love and pray alternately, was next mentioned by some accident. He called her an old *firelock* (on account, probably, of her red hair), an indolent lump, devoted to drink. “ She has married her two daughters, each to a knight. I wonder how she got them off. One day she sat up drinking and reading romances in bed, and set fire to the frill of her dull husband’s shirt, *the first and last flame which she ever raised in his breast* : don’t mention her, for I hate her.”

A certain whiskered prince he called “ a nasty fellow.” A certain countess was, he said, “ a good bottle companion, and only fit for that.” Lady A.,

he informed us, had written love-letters to him repeatedly ; but that she was at the *bottom* of his alphabet. Mrs. S—b—t was named as a handsome woman : “ A vile hack ! ” exclaimed he. Then Lord Byron’s poetry was prose run mad ; and contemptible, when compared to any thing from the pen of Ariosto or Petrarcha. Scott was no poet, but a mere versifier. Campbell was a mechanical builder of verse, who laboured like a dray-horse to round his periods, and polish up his finely conceived ideas. One man’s carriage he called a mere tub ; another man’s horses complete rips. With Lord _____’s mistress he would not be seen at a country fair ; nor with his lordship at a bull-bait. Then, how detestable a

London life was : all sameness, insipidity, and stupefaction ; pretty enjoyments, indeed, to freeze in Kensington Gardens, or to be suffocated with heat and dust, and jostled by your tailor in the Park. We had no theatre like the Academie de Musique at Paris, and no lounge like the Palais Royal. After engrossing a great portion of the conversation, his carriage was announced. He looked at his *chronometer*, which he also took care that we should see, and suddenly took his leave—a privilege which I should have been very sorry to have disputed.

When he was gone, I asked the colonel what had so soured his disposition, and whether he was so very fond

of France? "Not at all," replied he. "He is neither sour nor discontented; it is all airs; a tone which he has assumed, an invincible habit. When in Paris, he was just the same. The women, he said, were mere dolls, machines, artificial figures, paintings and designs; *automata*, moved by passion or by interest; the men so ill dressed, that he would not be seen in company with one of them; he swore that there was not a *tailor* in all France fit to work for a gentleman; the town he called only fit for dogs; the Palais Royal he termed an Exeter Change of wild beasts, birds of prey, tinsel, glass, and trumpery; their cookery he pronounced very inferior to our's; and their wine, he said, might have been

tolerable, if drunk out of decanters ; ‘ but then their champagne ! ’ said a friend. ‘ *All froth*, ’ answered our disparaging acquaintance, and walked off as you saw him just now.”

Italy became the next subject of conversation, and we discussed the beauties of the *Lago di —*. We then came to the *Lady of the Lake* ; and sorry was I to hear of the same inconsistencies, the same misplaced condescensions, the same love of singularity and admiration, which had made her so unpopular elsewhere. These qualities, judiciously applied, would gain applause and popularity ; but bestowed as they are, they only disgust the rational part of society. The remainder of the even-

ing was spent in the utmost harmony and conviviality. We drank "The heroes of Waterloo," with rapturous applause; and, being all well pleased with each other, we separated reluctantly, when the sun's bright ray began to eclipse our waxen tapers.

CHAPTER VII.

Decipimur specie recti. HORACE.

DECEIT, however odious, is a necessary evil in society. The fair sex use it extensively in their commerce with us ; and we return it with interest. The French call it *l'eau benite de cour* ; and we have it as genuine as at Paris, in our ministerial letters, our court promises, and our ladies' vows. It enlivens conversation by agreeable fiction ; delights us all, in the shape of flattery ; contributes often to the preservation of

friendship ; and is indispensable to the raptures of love. But all this refers to a gentle kind of deceit, very different from being made the dupe of a fraud or a hoax.

No mortal has more *gullibility* in his character than John Bull---witness the success of our pickpockets, ring-droppers, parcel-carriers, and hoaxing letter-writers. John must stare *ore rotundo* at every novel sight, and listen, absorbed in attention, to every new doctrine. Hence field preachers, popular orators, jugglers, and proprietors of lunar telescopes, are alternately the causes of lightening John's pockets : it is to be hoped, however, that these *respectable* characters are not in league with the *active*

citizens, who live upon simples: a street politician, or an attractive ballad-singer, is an inestimable colleague for a band of *divers*; and the lunar telescopist, whilst he elevates John's mind above this sublunary sphere, leaves a more dexterous performer to draw the watch out of his fob.

I remember when the late Charles Fox laid a considerable bet that he would draw together a thousand people in a few minutes, for nothing, and without a word being spoken. Accordingly, a man, with a few confederates, placed himself in St. James's Square, with a staff in his hand; and after examining the ground most attentively, fixed the staff in the earth, eyed it long and

anxiously, seeming to measure and to calculate again and again; at length, applying his forehead to the end of the stick, he moved round it repeatedly; then, seeming to look for some one, or something, he put on his hat, and slipped through the crowd. The gaping multitude remained stationary for a long time, each looking on the other. At length questions were asked: all were equally ignorant of the hoax; popular indignation broke out: but there was no object to vent it upon; accordingly, each man called his neighbour a d— fool; and the whole crowd gradually dispersed; but the wager was fairly won.

Although nothing is more easy than

to effect a hoax, I did not suppose that one of my experience in town was to be had, like a greenhorn, by such contrivances ; yet I was completely tricked twice in one week, to my great mortification.

The first time, I was going out at dusk, when I saw a very pretty, interesting female, with her handkerchief in her hand, apparently searching carefully on the ground for something she had lost. I accosted her, and inquired what she had dropped. She said, her purse, which had fallen out as she took her handkerchief from her pocket. Its value, she observed, was small ; but there was a miniature in it, with which she would not part for worlds. Here she

wept. I looked about, bent half double, in every direction, when a child came up, and offered to assist in the search. I saw, at a little distance, a green purse, which I eagerly flew to seize; and, as I stooped down, I felt a twitch, as from a hook and a line, and immediately missed a very valuable gold watch. I turned round, but the lady and the child were off. I ran, probably in the wrong direction, crying stop thief; but in vain. I met a carter in a smock frock, and related my misfortune to him, who burst into a roar of laughter, and cried, "Zookers, what a loggerhead you must be! Whoy oy was zarved as bad last week; but ay'm not to be had a zecond toyme." On examining the purse, it contained a penny-piece, wrapped up

in a bit of paper, on which was written,
in a female hand---

My last penny.

Exchange is no robbery!!!

The second *take-in* was of deeper loss, and more *en regle*. A gentleman of fashionable appearance and address arrived at one of the neighbouring hotels ; he dined in the coffee-room, and sat in the next box to an old gentleman who was in serious conversation respecting the death of his son in the West Indies. The stranger contemplated the old man attentively ; took a handkerchief from his eyes, and left the room abruptly in tears. A conduct so singular attracted the old gen-

tleman's notice, and he immediately inquired who the stranger was. The waiter replied, that he was an officer just arrived from the West Indies, and mentioned his name.

The next morning the afflicted father, thinking that probably this officer was a friend of his son's, and that he could give him some particulars of his last hours, sent up his name, and requested permission to wait on him. This was complied with, and a most distressing scene took place between them. "Poor Bob!" were the stranger's first words. "We were like brothers, the comrade of my choice, my bosom friend, the associate of all my festive hours. Many a cigar have we smoked together---many

a night have we passed under canvas together—he died in my arms.” “Poor Bob!” sighed out the father: “I wish I had been more liberal to him. Had I thought I should have lost him, I would have refused him nothing.” “Alas! Sir,” said the officer, “he told me of that. You kept him too short. To be sure, he was a little expensive; but then he was so noble hearted! That last money which he wrote to you for—” “I would give all the world,” faintly articulated the parent, “that I had but sent it to him!” “So would I,” replied the officer. “The refusal broke his heart.” “Mercy!” cried the distracted parent: “I thought he died of the yellow fever.” “So he did,” added the other: “but then his spirit

was so proud, that it may be said it broke his heart to be in debt." "True," rejoined the distressed and weeping old man ; " but then, my dear Sir, he was *always* in debt." " Too true, my good Sir ; but so young!" " Old enough to know better," observed the old gentleman : " he was six-and-twenty." " His last birth-day?" said his friend. " In May," said the father, " the twenty-fifth." " The very day: oh! I remember it well; for I got a brother officer to do my guard for me, in order to be free to enjoy his company. What a voice!" " Why he never sang that I knew of," said the father. " Not much science," answered the other ; " but positively the best manner in Europe for a drinking song." " How he must

have improved!" "Prodigiously," rejoined the second-self, with a deep sigh. "And how did he look?" "Why the sun had spoilt his complexion." "So I should suppose." "But he was as fat as a pig," added the friend. "Why," observed the father, with astonishment, "he used to be as thin as a hurdle when at home." "Yes, and when he joined the regiment; but the sea voyage, confinement, and the lots of claret which he used to drink—" "Poor Bob!" interrupted the father; "that must have helped to get thee into debt." "Doubtless. Then, again, he had a touch of the liver complaint." "Yes," said the old man, "he wrote me about that." "And," continued the friend, "after a course of mercury, he fattened upon

it amazingly, which is not uncommon. Poor Bob ! poor Bob !” (A short silence) “ To the paymaster,” recommenced the old gentleman, “ he owed _____” “ Two hundred pounds.” “ Mercy ! what a sum ! he acknowledged only one hundred.” “ Aye poor Bob did not like to offend you.” “ To the quarter master—” “ Fifty.” “ He said but twenty.” “ The fact is otherwise.” “ What did he owe the messman, dear Sir ?” asked the old man, alarmed to hear the amount. “ Only fifty, dear Sir.” “ Well, well, poor Bob, thy name shall not be blackened.”— “ No, my good Sir, nor can it ; for I have paid it all : you refused to do so ; and poor Bob would not have died in peace. All paid Sir, all receipted.

What is a paltry two or three hundred pounds bill to the honor and peace of mind of a friend? I never expected to get back the money. I had letters to you, which are coming after me: but not a word of the debt; it is one of honor, which you are no way bound to pay unless you please". "Aye, but I will," cried the old fellow, choaked with gratitude and tears. "Another time," said the friend. "But here's a sword of Bob's: it was his legacy to me; but it will be dear to you: take it, I pray you. I have a lock of his hair, and some most affectionate letters, which I will shew you when my heavy baggage comes up; and I have set all to rights. In the interim, don't pay me if it is in the least inconvenient;

the money is no object." "Sir," said the old man, "it is what I owe to my son's memory, and what gratitude demands: it must be paid immediately." "To-morrow, then," said the stranger, and bowed the father out; but the latter sent him a draft in an hour, and introduced him to me, for the old gentleman was a particular friend of mine.

In two days afterwards the stranger called on me, and giving me a check upon his banker, requested twenty pounds of me, which I readily advanced to a man seemingly so respectable and generous, and the friend of my friend. In a few days afterwards my elderly acquaintance waited on me, to say that he had received a letter from an officer

in his late son's regiment ; and that the pretended friend was an impostor. In about an hour afterwards, the twenty pounds draft came back dishonored ; no such person being known to the banker, nor ever having had money there. I was much laughed at for this affair ; but it could not be helped.

I afterwards discovered that this fellow had just returned from the very island in the West Indies where the old man's son died. He had been turned out of a regiment for misconduct ; but having served in the same garrison as the deceased, he was acquainted with his name and regiment ; and knew the localities of the island, with other particulars, which made his story appear

plausible. He had listened attentively to the father's conversation, and thus made himself master of many particulars, which enabled him to play his part naturally, and to succeed perfectly in duping the credulous and afflicted parent; whilst quick thought, impudence, and keen necessity, which suggests many an expedient to *a ways-and-means-man*, induced him to try the experiment of profiting by this occasion.

Such extraordinary shifts of needy men remind me of a story told me by the Comte de C—. Meeting one day, by accident, with a soldier in Paris, who had formerly served in the count's regiment, he asked him how he got his livelihood? The soldier answered,

“Pretty well.” “What was his occupation?” “*Un plongeur* :” a person employed by government to dive for persons who fell into the water, or who drowned themselves, as with our humane society; in a word, a *diver*. “Is trade pretty brisk?” said the count, “for it must require many accidents or acts of suicide to support you and your comrades in the trade: and how do you live when none of these accidents happen?” “Monsieur le Comte,” replied the fellow, “*pour lors nous nous noyons nous mêmes* : then, my lord, we drown one another; and so much per head is paid for the persons saved or restored from suspended animation.”

The article of hoaxes and imposi-

tions leads me to the minor blinds, veils, and mysteries, covering many transactions, which would lose much of their interest if denuded of these trappings. For example, you form a casual but attractive acquaintance: were you to know her weakness or her poverty all at once, the adventure would be void of interest; or if you knocked at a shop door, and walked up stairs, it would be a plain commonplace, dull, matter of fact concern; without doubt, danger, hope, fear, romance, or even variety. But if an interesting fair one live with a severe parent, or be tyrannized over by an unjust step-mother, if she can say in the language of the Latin poet,

“*Est mihi domi pater, injustaque noverca;*”

or if a cruel maiden aunt make her life miserable, and she seek the soft delights of love to sweeten her hours of suffering, to lighten domestic captivity, what a relief this light gives to the picture ! Again, if sweet sixteen fly from home, in order to avoid being given away against her inclinations, and thus seek a protector's arms, how prettily the story tells ! Or even if the young and blooming bride of a deformed and tyrannical husband can only come out at a certain hour, to while an hour away in agreeable conversation, or to get *a word of advice from a sensible man*, what a vast addition of interest that gives to the *bonne fortune* ! Finally, the bandeau d'amour, or blind which Cupid throws over a lover's eyes ; the

Spanish veil, the mysterious history, and the stolen kiss, the hour seized as the only one that can be given, the forbidden meeting, the restriction, prohibition, love-fraud, and midnight meeting, are to frail man, as well as woman, the chief attractions of amatory intercourse.

I was mentioning this subject to my colonel the ensuing day, at dinner, when he perfectly coincided with me, and owned that even the *stalest* trick of a frail one, who informs you that she is nobly provided for by an elderly gentleman, who is as jealous as a Turk, without having any thing else *Turkish* about him, gives a zest to the enjoyment of her society, just as a diamond

ring, worth fifty pounds, is a pleasanter present to make than a ten pound Bank of England note.

Enlarging further upon this head, he informed me that, whilst he was in Spain, he met a lovely young creature attended by her duenna, deeply veiled and clad in black silk. He was fascinated by the beauty of her figure, just as Dido was struck with Æneas at first sight.

“ *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido.*”

She perceived his admiration, and motioned him to approach nearer; but on observing his impetuosity in advancing, she explained to him by pantomimic gestures that he must

return thither in an hour. Fearful of mistaking the sign, he remained in sight of the spot until she returned. She then unveiled herself partially, and disclosed transcendent beauty ; placing her forefinger on her lips, she dropped a piece of paper and fled precipitately. It was a note written in Spanish, and contained an invitation to meet her the following night half an hour before midnight. The delay, the anxiety, the mystery, were irresistible : she came clad in a thousand charms ; and from that time to his quitting Spain, a space of many weeks, they met thrice a week in the same place, and generally after midnight. If she could not come, a white handkerchief placed on the bough of a tree was the telegraphic signal,

which announced her disappointment. He had preserved five handkerchiefs thus obtained, and he set a most extravagant value upon them. When she knew of his approaching departure, she would not take leave of him ; but hanging up the handkerchief, as in cases of disappointment, added to it a lock of hair, and a *billet*, burning with ardour and tenderness, and picturing a broken heart. She assured him, that the handkerchief had been bedewed with her tears ; and he kissed it a hundred times, *selon l'usage*, in these love matters.

Thus ended the adventure, and he swore to me that he never knew who she was, where she lived, how she was situated,

or any one circumstance respecting her, more than that she refused to answer any question on these subjects, adding, that the hours were too short, and belonged *all* to love. The summer was intensely hot ; the wood was thick and romantic ; the hours passed together were from midnight to sun-rise. There he learned the soft expressions, *alma de mi vida*—Soul of my life ; *mi estrella*—star of my destiny ; *lumbre de mis ojos*—light of my eyes, with other endearing words which he will never forget. The starry firmament was, on these occasions, their only canopy ; a flowering shrub or nodding oak their only shelter ; the birds the only witnesses of their plighted faith ; zephyr the only depositary of their well-pre-

served secret; echo the only voice which could repeat their fond enraptured vows. Under no other possible circumstances in the world could love be more romantic, more mysterious, or more deeply interesting.

CHAPTER VIII.

All hail indifference!

THE society of the colonel, and my other military friends, was so valuable to me, that we made a mutual agreement to dine together daily, either at Long's, Brunet's, or at some other hotel. On one of these occasions, we were mentioning the Pessimist. "Surely," said I, "he mistakes himself extremely; his manner of finding fault with

every thing cannot be fashionable."

"Certainly not," said the colonel, "but he is not far from the mark: *Indifference* is the order of the day, the highest ton, the complete and most decided fashion. Between love and indifference, the distance is short; between love and hatred, it is less, the one often leads to the other, and yet a return may occur; but from love to indifference there is no passage.

"It is no longer the fashion to praise, to admire, or to love any thing; sympathy is rustic; feeling bespeaks ignorance; surprise is abominable; conjugal affection, demonstrated in public, is low-lived in the extreme; benevolence rests on self; laughter is confined

to an insipid smile ; and grief, to a momentary depression of the eye-lid, or to a transitory affectation of gravity : anger may be evinced by vindictive conduct, but the muscles of the countenance must not be deranged to shew it ; respect is bought, and must rise or fall with self-interest ; gratitude is exploded entirely ; it is old, romantic, heavy, and troublesome to a man of fashion, unnatural in the present day, obsolete, and will soon be expunged from the court dictionary.

“ If you meet a friend, and your eye beams, whilst your heart expands, you cannot be a man of the world ; you are not fit for high circles and for the most polished society ; for if a high

polish be pierced through, it is destroyed ; you deliver up your interior, you unlock your soul to him or her whom you love : ergo, you cannot be a man of the world, for he is concentrated in self. Besides, *your friend might betray you* ; and the very smooth surface of elegance and good breeding leaves very little *within* ; it must be *touched very gently*, for it will not bear too much handling and examining ; it has no *rude intrinsic* matter to spare.

“ If a witty story be related in your presence, it is vulgar to laugh and to enjoy it. In the first place, a man or woman looks so much better in a studied smile than in an unguarded laugh. In the second place, you pay too high

a compliment to the narrator, who may think too much of himself, and too little of you. Thirdly, a man of fashion and of the world, is supposed to have heard every witty thing that can be uttered ; and, therefore, if he half-smile, he has paid as much as he ought for his amusement.

“ If you visit people who have lost their father, their mother, or their wife, it would be uncultivated, indeed, to weep, or to look melancholy, or to introduce the subject of their loss. Should they mention it, you may elevate your eye-brows, and gently raise your shoulders, a *half* expression of surprise and concern, (for an exquisite is *concerned* at nothing, unless it con-

cern himself). You must immediately turn the conversation, not so much to give ease to your acquaintance as to yourself, and to show the man of good company. For what has a man of fashion to do with weeping and mourning, which give an ugly expression to the handsomest face? Besides, your friend's loss may be a gain. The demise of a parent may bring a fortune; and the departure of a wife may establish the reign of peace in a man's house; not to mention that most people of quality have a second on the list, or at least some one to console them.

“Joy at any piece of good fortune is studiously to be avoided by the dignified votary of calm indifference, for

many reasons: first, because it puts a man in a posture and in an attitude *common to the vulgar*; next, because some one may avail himself of your amended fortune, or of your accession of wealth, and ask a favor in your unprepared moment, when you cannot readily intrench yourself in consequence and in distance so as to avoid a fellow-creature's claim: thirdly, because this establishes an equality with those who impart the glad tidings to you, and thereby creates a sympathy which is always to be avoided in high life: fourthly, because a man of fashion should appear to possess and to have in expectancy ten times more than the vulgar matter of fact; and he ought to answer on the occasion of the annunciation of

good fortune as coolly, composedly, and as indifferently, as he would to a call of the house, or of his name in a club, or his carriage at the opera: thus, ‘ Oh ! the old man’s dead at last: well he was a decent sort of a fellow ; but it is high time that his dross should come to me.’ Or, if you win a sum of money, ‘ I’ve won, have I ? pay over the money, it will just pay my jeweller, or my servants’ wages.’ A prize in the lottery ? ‘ d——d odd it should come up a prize ; but I expected it.’ He leaves the room to dress ; and the anxious expectants of reward are disappointed.

“ Surprise must never be shown ; it either gives you too much color, or

takes away the little which you have ; it is intolerably borish and unbecoming. If a long expected friend appear, ' d——n your blood, is that you ? ' does well enough ; or, if a wife or mistress (who ought never to be spoiled) ' Oh ! Mary is that you ? ' is quite enough ; else she thinks herself of too much consequence, and that you cannot do without her, which is preposterously untrue.

" In like manner, if an old school-fellow, or one who has been at college with you, offer you his hand, it is a boyish trick, indeed, and that of the *old school*, to grasp it as if you gave him hand and heart together, as if you grappled his affection to your's, linked

yourself to him by a chain of attachment and humanity, which nothing but death could unrivet ; as if each pulse vibrated in unison, and the inward expression of your outward sign was, hand to hand, heart to heart, in youth and in old age, in prosperity and in adversity, absent the same as present, summer and winter, through sunshine and through storm, in all times and in all circumstances, in life and in death. This only suited our barbarous ancestors ; this is only to be found amongst savage mountaineers ; these engagements are too grave, too solemn, too troublesome, too imposing, for the modern man of good taste, who has nothing *engaging* about him but his manners, and *even* those not to excess. Therefore, the loosest

connexion of a finger or two together is quite enough, and means even less than it expresses ; else might an early friend expect you to take him by the hand through life, which would never do at all.

“ At a deep tragedy, your well-bred man talks, simpers, ogles, or takes snuff ; now and then he condescends to look at the stage, and says, ‘ *Very well*, Kean or Young is playing his best ;’ but to evince feeling on the occasion is the conduct of a schoolboy, or a mere novice in town : it is at best but a fiction ; and were it true, it would not affect the elegant insipid more ; besides, he is supposed to have seen such things again and again : nothing must appear

novel to his experienced eye: finally, he does not come there to see the play, but because it is the fashion, or on account of an assignation with a fresh *amante*, or with a new face, or, perhaps, to dun a man for money lost at play, to kill time, or to transact gaming or other business.

“A comedy is to be treated with equal disregard; and *un homme comme il faut*, cannot allow himself, consistently with good breeding, to do more than laugh in a kind of derision of his nature for stooping to attend to such d——d stuff. ‘Ridiculous!’ a man of quality may say; but then contempt must overcome mirth, and he must immediately whisper Lady Bab something quite

foreign to the play. Besides, as he ought to come in towards the end of the play, he has no right to take any interest in the performance, and it is quite in good style to ask, 'what the devil they are about on the stage,' to hear little yourself, and, by your conversation in the stage box, to allow no one nearer to hear any more than you. If called to order by the audience around you, shrug up your shoulders in pity at the swinish multitude; get behind a pretty woman; laugh louder than usual, because you are laughing at nothing, and indifferent to all; and call the roaring gods, or the low plebs in the pit, a parcel of d——d fools; adding, that you wish you were abroad; *bien entendu*, that if you were

there, you ought to wish you were at home, for it is the acme of high manners to be tired of every thing, and of every place, and to be always seeking for some novelty."

We laughed immoderately at the colonel's lecture, but acknowledged the truth of it, and adjourned until the next day at dinner time ; allowing, at the same time, that a little more warmth and feeling was permitted to the army and navy ; (coffee-house cornets and guardsmen, who have not seen service, excepted) ;

" For the spirit which always is boldest in war
" Is the fondest and truest in love."

Besides, the fighting man who has

lain by his friend's side in the cold *bivouac*, or bled beside his companion on the deck, under the victorious flag of old England ; who has embraced his children as for the last time ; torn himself from the arms of a doating wife, in order to go forth and to fight his country's battles ; or who has made known to the friend of his heart his last wishes over a bottle, and entrusted all his secrets to him in the perspective of the worst which can occur, has need of some relaxation, where *Nature* has her share, and must have some little unfeigned friendship and genuine love to sweeten his cup of life. Fashion seldom intrudes into the tented field ; and sincerity will preside at the feast which follows it.

These considerations led my recollections to the battle of Waterloo, to dear friends whom I lost there, and to a letter which I received from a wounded officer after that memorable day. I had fortunately shown some attentions to that young officer at his *debut* in military life ; and his subsequent kindness and handsome acknowledgments for the trifle have repaid me ten-fold since. I feign would give his name ; but I have his strongest injunctions to the contrary ; and his modesty in this particular is as creditable to himself as his conduct in the battle was praiseworthy. The subject of Waterloo can never be uninteresting to a Briton ; for although

“ The fiery fight is heard no more,”

yet its memory must ever have a claim on national gratitude.

The following was my friend's letter, dated at Brussels, in July, 1815.

My dear friend,

I should certainly have written to you sooner, according to promise; but have been ill ever since the glorious 18th of June. I write this with my left hand, my right daddle being nearly demolished. It was, indeed, a gory field! Twenty times did I think of Robby Burns's lines, (such are the associations of country which come across a man, even in the most perilous hour); twenty times did I mutter to myself:

“ Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
“ Scots whom Bruce has often led ;
“ Welcome to your gory bed,
“ Or to victory !”

The *Pibroch* was all powerful with the Gael that day. The moment that it struck up, you might see Sandy and Donald’s eyes sparkle ; and then they’d shoulder one another in token of being firm and indivisible, and assume an air of fierceness, like the lion bristling up before he darts on his prey. I can assure you that *she** made no trifling use of the bayonet. With the Highlanders, I can safely say that *every* man did his duty ; nor were Johnny Bull and Paddy behind hand. The marquis was at one

* She—the Highlander often calls *he*, *she*.

time in imminent personal danger, when Pat dealt death about him like hailstones. We have lost a frightful number of men! Lord Wellington ought to be d—— if ever he passes a private soldier in distress; for never did men show more zeal than they did for his glory; nor greater disregard for life in providing for his personal safety. It is but justice to him, to remark at the same time, that he enjoyed the *full confidence* of all the army. This was worth an army in itself; for every man looked for victory. Lord U—— has lost a leg. He behaved like a hero on the field; and with equal coolness and intrepidity under the operation of amputation. His lady travelled night and day to come and attend him in the hour

of suffering: her care is truly exemplary. Who will now say that a woman may not make the best of wives to one man, after being unfaithful to another. M'Ray* is alive and safe, although it was said by an Irishman that he was met in Egypt with his head in his hand. My brother was slightly wounded by a musket-ball; but (here follows a list) are no more: ***** are desperately wounded. I think I hear the London and Brighton belles all in anxiety, tears, and tribulation, about husbands, sweethearts, flirts, and dancing partners, crying, “ How did the delightful hussards come

* This officer had his head nearly severed from his body by a Mameluke, but survived.

off? Are many of the dear dragoons killed and wounded? Did the exquisites of the Guards suffer much? I hope that my Adonis is not disfigured. Should Lord M—— have lost his nose, what a loss it will be! what a vacancy! He'll then lose the ladies' countenance, their preference, and their favors; it will take away much of his *popularity*."

"Ah! but," says another, more serious, "my poor dear Henry; I dare not read the *Gazette*: read it, Sophia; is he alive?"—"He is."—"Is he wounded?"—"He is."—"What has he lost?"—"A leg."—"It might have been worse." "And my intended?" cries another. "He has lost his right arm."—"That's very awkward; but I hope that he will do well without it." Such can I easily

suppose to be the Steyne and tea-table talk at present. My brother has picked up a few trophies, which I send you. Some very singular things were collected in the French lines—packs of playing cards; the Ready Writer, teaching the art of inditing letters; English Grammars (doubtless to assist in the conquest of England); a very affecting letter from a son to his mother, written on the fifteenth, and intended to be sent off after the battle; as also the following epistle, which I have transmitted to you. It is disfigured with blood and gunpowder, and horribly written and spelt; but, if you can decypher it, it may afford you some amusement.

I remain, my dear friend,

Your's, &c.

L.

The French soldier's letter follows *verbatim*, the spelling excepted, which might have rendered it unintelligible to the reader.

Mon cher Victor,

Il y a un siecle que je n'ai reçu de tes nouvelles, comment te portes tu? as tu vu maman depuis mon depart? dis lui que je me porte *comme un quatorze d'aces*, toujours gai comme a mon ordinaire; tu as donc quitté la servante du curé: t-a-t-elle joué un mauvais tour? Les femmes sont toutes comme cela. Tu fais la cour, à ce que m'a dit mon camarade La Roue, à Babet qui vit à l'auberge, mais mon ami, elle est *maigre* comme un esquelette. Mais c'est égal, chacun a son gout, et

je ne blame pas le tien. Pour moi *je me suis arrangé* avec une grosse flamande, de façon que je suis en carnavale tandis que tu és en carême; n'importe, si elle me fait un grenadier je l'épouse; si non, point *d'épousailles*. Nous allons nous battre demain. Eh bien! nous ne sommes soldats que pour cela; moi je compte sur la victoire, et pourquoi pas? les uns voient en noir, moi je vois tout en couleur de rose. Si j'échappe, nous ferons nos farces ensemble, si non, il y en aura un de moins; c'est égal. Adieu. Je t'embrasse; embrasse maman pour moi; vive la joie et vive la guerre, car il faut un peu de l'un et de l'autre, comme on dit, dans ce bas monde. Tout à toi.

JEAN DUROC.

I should not have copied this letter, but that it furnishes a complete model of a French soldier's production, and analyzes his composition entirely—that volatility, that frivolity mingled with bravery and ignorance ; a total absence of religion ; *volage* respecting the mistress, but still a good comrade ; all for love, war, and *gaieté* ; certain of the victory ; and never anticipating a defeat. I was assured that a French soldier, actually in retreat, with the Prussians at his heels, wrote home : “ *La victoire est à nous, quoi qu'on en dise ; mais les Anglais sont si bêtes qu'ils ne savent pas quand ils sont battus.* ” The writer most probably never reached home alive ; and the only excuse that can be made for this falsehood is, that, pro-

bably, during the *commencement* of the retreat, he was made to believe that he was marching to take up a fresh position: soon, however, all was in such confusion with *sauve qui peut*, that he could not long remain in that error.

Day rolled on after day, in the pleasant society of my friends, and in my favorite hotel; but I found the *wood-money* nearly at a close, and I resolved once more to visit the continent. I was anxious to see how Paris looked, after a second visit from the Cossacs; after her armies had been a second time driven under her walls; after her *faux-bourgs* had been menaced with flame; and *le bon peuple de Paris*, who had

called into their bosom *Louis le désiré*,
to the tune of

“Ou peut on etre mieux
“Qu’au sein de sa famille?”

had a second time bent the knee to the usurper, to the expelled emperor, and knight of the iron crown ; who, although he narrowly escaped lapidation in his flight to Elba, when the women came out, crying, “*à bas le tyran, que le monstre nous rende nos maris et nos enfans*,” (this can be incontestibly proved), still entered the capital, and hung up his hat on the old nail in the Thuilleries, without opposition, and without a shot being fired, and who commanded his troops to ground, or to

pile their arms, and to go and *embrace* their comrades.

I was also desirous to visit the interior of Germany, as I had heard that a man with a small fortune might live there with some *eclat*, which exactly suited the present state of my finances. I therefore wound up all my concerns in England, gave a power of attorney to an *honest* man of the law—a *rara avis* whom I had sought for, like Diogenes, with a lantern, many a day, tore myself from my platonie tie, took a farewell dinner, and made a party to Paris, consisting of three of my military friends. I started once more, a wanderer, without a home or a family, but comfortable in every other particular. All the world

knows that at the White Bear you may take your place for Paris, and if you do so, you may meet with more than one faithful copy, *drawn to the life*, of the animal standing at the door. I therefore only booked myself and friends for Dover: my valet-de-chambre was the only outside passenger, as my friends resolved to hire servants abroad. It is now eight o'clock, gentle reader, the horn sounds, the Regent's dinner-hour is just come; minor beings meet their *cherida* at this time, and many droll things are done at the same hour. Off go four fine horses, of which I know I shall not see the like on the continent: but my place is taken—“*Londres et ma chere patrie, je vous fais mes adieux.*”

CHAPTER IX.

As I presume that most of my readers are fashionable enough to have taken one trip, at least, to the opposite coast, it would be superfluous to mention Wright's expensive hotel, the pestering of captains of vessels, the emulation between the English and French captains, the former of which I should always prefer, the impositions to which a traveller is exposed, or the pleasures of a packet, where, however, an observer of human nature may learn some-

thing ; for a knowledge of mankind is confined to no particular spot, to no particular class, and to no particular country. The world is the ample volume—man the great and interesting contents of it's pages. One reading avails little ; the work must be studied o'er and o'er, before any great proficiency can be made in it.

In the packet we had a variety of characters, who proved to me “ that all the world's a stage,” for each of them was acting some part, and mostly parts foreign to their nature or sphere. Some were more *perfect* in their *character* than others, whilst some performed awkwardly enough. Applause, as on the stage, admiration or interest, or

probably a mixture of all three, was the object which they had in view, and formed the reward of their labours. Some were so raw that they wanted prompting, whilst others were complete masters and mistresses of their parts.

We had ladies playing the prude, and gentlemen playing the libertine ; we had milliners, mantua-makers, and fancy warehouse-women, playing the lady, and very imperfect in their parts ; we had school-boys playing the truant ; old boys playing juvenile parts ; ignorant blockheads playing the servant ; and male shopkeepers attempting the gentleman very unsuccessfully indeed : besides men of fashion acting the *Road to Ruin* ; half-pay officers per-

forming the *Poor Gentleman*; exquisites and dandies rehearsing *a new Way to Pay old Debts*; ladies of quality acting the *Jealous Wife*; and a motley group representing the *Beggars' Opera*. All these last classes performed most naturally, though not to the *universal satisfaction of the public*, although it is to be presumed that it was *for their own benefit*; for we had all the classes above mentioned, besides returning emigrants, idlers, curious men, gamblers, speculators, bankrupts, frail ones, servants, sick children, and the crew of the vessel.

Keeping in view that my reader knows as much of Calais as myself, I do not obtrude on him Dessein's capital hotel, nor the active, obliging, little Monsieur

Quillac ; nor do I speak of the group of English on the pier, the curious inquiring faces, some in hopes to see a friend, some for fear of seeing a creditor, a wife, or a husband, from whom they have run away ; nor do I mention the beautiful Marchande de Tabac, the handsome and celebrated Marchande de Mode, the large but dreary church, or the ridicule that John Bull must put up with at landing, such as *go-dem*, Jack Roast-beef, Englishman dog, gros *cochon*, *pata paufe*, oh ! le petit chapeau ridicule ! &c., added to the legion of poor devils who pursue you through the street, half starved, and covered with rags, and who “ mi lord Anglais” you for *one sol*, *a penny*, and the jingling rhyme of “ Charité—S'il vous plait.”

I presume that my reader has seen all this; and that, if he has only been on the French coast to *look at the country*, he has *paid for peeping*. Doubtless he has been at the Messe Militaire, and at the theatre: if not, I advise him to go there; and there I leave him.

My stay at Calais was only one day, merely to taste Quillac's excellent wines, and *cuisine Française*; after which, my friends and I proceeded to Paris in a French travelling carriage, which we purchased at our hotel. Now, once more, for ropes by way of harness, and for the rattling of whips—for tall, awkward postillions, who drive according as they are paid, who often get drunk and

upset you, who make more noise, bustle, and clatter, with *vox et preterea nihil*, in two leagues of post, i. e. not above five English miles, than a tight English lad would in cantering over twenty—now once again for the *pipe à la bouche*, the smoaking postillion, the ready snuff-box, which precedes and closes every bargain, for double impositions and disputes, for bad inns, good wines, *active* cart horses to draw you, wooden shoes, and all the emblems and trappings of slavery and poverty.

We next stopped at Amiens, a favourite residence of the English, ever since the peace of Amiens, and where I expected that the English would be

most popular; but the second short war had changed things most amazingly; *the hundred days* had been like *a hundred years*, for they had warmed and brought into life again the vipers who had lain concealed; and who now, having again risen against their king, had no hope but what desperation pointed out: then again the *Girouettes* and the *Inconsequens* felt a little ashamed of their frequent apostacies, and their many tergiversations. The royalists were more inflamed and violent than ever; the constitutionalists were dissatisfied with both parties; wounds that had but recently been cicatrized broke out a-fresh; and the conquered could not endure the sight of their conquerors: for all these

reasons, the people hate the English ; and stones were actually thrown at us as we quitted the town.

On the coast, and all along the road to Paris, but particularly at the former spot, the English refugees were returning to France ; the great hawk, Buonaparte, had driven these affrighted birds of passage in all directions ; the timid pigeons, or half-starved rooks, had mostly taken the direction of Flanders, and were now measuring back their steps : a few skulked over to fishing towns on the English coast, during the short decisive campaign ; but the greater part would not venture thus far : dun, bailiff, and attorney, kept them constantly on the alert ; and it behoved them

to take up a strong position, for fear of having their lines forced, and being captured by the enemy.

We proceeded to Paris without molestation, or even stopping, except to change horses, and we put up at the Place de Vendôme. Not being an historian or a tourist, I do not trench on these gentlemens' privileges, by giving a detailed account of Paris. I have therefore only to observe, that the great change which I perceived was the military appearance of its environs, which exhibited one extensive camp, and figured to my mind a *justly* subjected state. I smiled to meet many of my Pall Mall and St. James's Street friends, escaped from carnage, and converted

into whiskered and loose-trowsered *demi* cossacs ; to behold the jolly Life Guards *en faction* in Paris ; whilst at the Palais Royal, and elsewhere, the fierce Muscovite, or the indignant Prussian, kept a strict watch over the Badaud de Paris, and brushed him about at the point of the bayonet if he ventured near their posts. To every question asked of the former, his sharp answer was, *Nix* ; and the German rattled away complex oaths, with *der teyfle* in every sentence.

Yet did the meretricious fair still ply her usual trade 'midst friends and enemies ; preferring, however, the full pocket of John Bull and his scarlet and gold trappings, and having for an-

swer for all the allies, “*Point d'argent point de Suisse.*” *Quatre Bras* and *La Belle Alliance* had no terrors for her; and she heard of *La Bataille de St. Jean* without a change of feature: *vive la guerre et l'amour* was her favorite cry from whatever side it came.

The great Duke of Wellington was at Paris; and I had an opportunity of observing him more closely than formerly. He is not much esteemed by the French, which is natural enough; but he might be more admired by his countrymen, if he would take the trouble to be so. I never saw a man of high rank with so little elegance. Doubtless he considers his success and talents as sufficient. I could very much have

wished that the Marquis of Hastings and he had been mixed up together in one man. The warmth, the kind-heartedness, and the popular manners of the former would greatly have benefited the latter. If there be a little hyper-courtliness in the marquis, there is an uncourtly asperity in the Duke ; and an amalgamation of the two would have made a perfect man.

France was indeed changed since first I knew it as a boy: it was then high polished indeed. Next it was all revolutionary barbarity, stern principles and stern countenances, but no rigid morality. Buonaparte's reign was another change ; the army was then every thing ; but civilization had *emigrated*,

and did not return under the iron crown; nor even to the chevaliers of the legion of honor, who had not the politeness and gallantry of the *preux chevaliers François* of other days.

The ladies had changed the least: they still possessed *l'art de plaire*, and were gallant and amiable as usual. Walking one day with a French lady, whom I had known at the first return of *Louis le Desiré* to Paris, the subject turned upon gallantry, upon platonic and other love, upon the respect which the fair sex claimed, with many other et ceteras, too tedious to mention, when she volunteered in repeating a few lines in poetry, on the subject of *l'amour timide*, as follow—

“ Par un endroit obscur passant avec Cephise,
“ Un amant *trop discret* lui disait, d'un ton doux,
“ Quelle commodité, trop aimable marquise,
“ Pour une amoureuse entreprise
“ Si c'était une autre que vous.

“ Lors d'un air moqueur, punissant le coupable,
“ Et les yeux allumés d'amour et de courroux;
“ Oui, la commodite, dit elle, est admirable
“ Si c'était tout autre que vous.”

I leave my reader to decide on what line of conduct I had to pursue, after this little lesson, on which subject I shall myself be silent.

I passed a week only in Paris, previous to my trip to the northward. During that time, I picked up a few anecdotes, which proved the hostility of many of the French to their legitimate sovereign, but which are scarcely worth relating. It is, however, I fancy

new to many, that the canaille call
the King —

“ Louis le dixhuit

“ Le Roi de la marmite ;”

and that the late Duke de Berry, having
humanely instituted a soup kitchen for
the poor, was turned into ridicule, and
called the Prince of the broth-pot.
At all events, these are trifles ; but yet
hæ nugæ seria ducunt.

Previously to my departure from
Paris, I met with a very interesting old
man, with whom I dined at Beau-
villier's, and from whom I received
more information respecting France
than I had been able to collect before.
When first I had gone to Paris, in the
long vacation from college, I had been

fortunate enough to get a letter to the Vicomte de Noailles. Through him I was introduced to the Lameths, to La Fayette, to Claviere, to La Coste, and to Lally Tolendal. Accident made me acquainted with the Vicomte de Mirabeau, and with L'Eveque de Troàs, then a furious royalist, but afterwards an archbishop under Napoleon, and a *rat* of the first order. This incipient knowledge of France, and of the revolution, gave me a taste for following up the history of both, which I was enabled to do, through my learned friend, who had remained in France, under all its changes, a *tranquil* spectator, a shrewd observer, and unmolested, for the reasons which I am about to detail.

This gentleman possessed a good fortune at the commencement of the revolution, which he submissively allowed to be taken from him by degrees ; the *coup de grace* being given to his property in the reign of terror, under the infernal Robespierre. At this period, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the power of one side, unfitted him for the army, and placed him beneath the notice of the government assassins. He had given all his fortune : therefore the hand of plunder spared him ; and as he was a *modéré* in politics, very prudent, of silent and of retired habits, and had many private virtues, without any ambition of entering into public life, and, moreover, disqualified from so doing

by his infirmity, he was respected by many, and endured by all ; so that he held his place in society in *statu quo*, until the time when I had the pleasure of meeting with him.

In order to support himself and an only sister (for he had been a *rentier*, and was a *celibataire*: i.e. he had had twenty thousand livres per annum, sunk in an annuity for life, and was a bachelor), he gave lessons of mathematics, whilst his sister embroidered beautifully ; and he assured me, that living on these resources, they never wanted *la poule au pot*, nor their bottle of wine. And as they corresponded with no living soul in the exterior, nor belonged to any party, keeping no company, and going

seldom out, they were never molested but once, when they had their house searched and robbed by the police.

It would be tedious and disgusting to repeat the massacres and other horrors (unknown in the public prints) which passed in Paris, and elsewhere in France, *in all times*, more or less, from the imprisonment of Louis the Martyr, until the second abdication of Buonaparte the tyrant. Many of these would seem incredible; nor is this the place for them. My friend traced with great perspicuity the corruption of the constitution, which produced the revolution; then the useless efforts of wise and moderate men to form a system of government upon the basis of limited

monarchy, and analagous to our own, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons: he next delineated the change of revolutionary France into *a republique non libre* (as Montesquieu very skilfully calls similar governments), for which France was no way fitted; he commented on the consulate, in form of a triumvirate, the dictatorship, first elective, and next permanent; and on the assumption of the imperial diadem by Buonaparte, then all fear and trembling, and casting the die of his destiny betwixt absolute power and assassination.

France, he said, after that was enslaved completely; but she only thought of her conquests, and listened to her

vanity. A state of peace under such a man, with such an army, used to dictate the law abroad, and to live on plunder, was impossible ; and their chief knew well himself, that the disbanding of that force, and the abatement of the war-fever, would be fatal to his power. He well foresaw that delirium or debility must follow the former inflammation, and that the one would produce a second revolution ; the other would strike at the vitality of his empire. He therefore plunged again into war ; and such was the national feebleness, so had he bled France to faintness, that she sunk under the attacks of her enemies ; his laurels withered in the Russian blast ; and all his triumphs vanished in a campaign. He had not

before received a blow which staggered him, but he was now struck to the ground, and his conquerors had their feet upon his neck: he therefore received terms, and they were not only merciful, but magnanimous, on the part of his foes: then it was, that the Parisians, who finish all with a song or a verse, thus pictured the Russian Alexander—

“ Comparons des deux Alexandres, &c.”

the purport of which is—

“ Two Alexanders ruled of late,
“ But which deserved the name of great?
“ One scatter’d blessings on our head,
“ Tother strew’d th’ ashes of the dead.”

Yet when their *ci-devant* ruler came back, all were unsteady, all unsettled, all ready for another change. It does not enter into my views to discuss the

good or bad policy of the Bourbons : the King wills and wishes the good of his people, whether he can effect it or not.

My acquaintance seemed extremely partial to the memory of the Empress Josephine ; assured me that she was a very good-hearted woman ; that she often tempered the ferocity of her husband, led him to acts of humanity, and dissuaded him from evil : he had a great opinion of her judgment, and she possessed his entire confidence. In my boyish days, she was only known in Paris as a woman of gallantry. My informer, however, testified infinite respect for her, and said that the sacrifice which she made, in quitting a throne,

in order to confirm the dynasty of her husband by an imperial alliance, was *magnanime et digne d'elle*; but that her spirits declined ever after. To Moreau, he was also very partial. He was, he observed, an honest republican; a man of superior talent, incorruptible integrity, and exemplary moderation. His view, in joining the allied arms, was to rid his country of its iron yoke; else would he have ended his days in domestic life, for which his virtues completely qualified him. My well-informed friend painted Buonaparte as decidedly sanguinary; and quoted the following instances of this savage disposition:—Talleyrand asked Buonaparte what he thought of his (Talleyrand's) nephew, a young officer who had just

commenced his military career. "He is brave enough," answered Buonaparte, "*mais il n'aime pas le sang.*" On another occasion, he concludes a dispatch after a battle in these words— "*J'ai fait compter les cadavres de l'ennemi, il s'en est trouvé dix-huit mille cinq cent trente-sept!!!*" How circumstantially, and with what seeming *gusto*, this account is given by the man of blood! But it is now time to take leave of my historical friend, and of this subject.

I very soon left Paris, and with it my military companions, whom I regretted much more than any thing else that I left behind in that gay and dissipated city, which I did not enjoy as formerly.

My passage through France to Germany was speedy; and if I had reason to complain of travelling and of inns in France, I found ten times more cause for discontent on this subject in Germany. But I was resolved to visit Vienna, and to realize the flattering prospects which Mr. V——r, long resident there, and a great favorite with every body in the first circles of that city, had painted to my imagination. I was also determined on a northern tour, and used all possible despatch, which bad roads, bad horses, and the tardiness of the *bawrs* (or boors), who are often taken from the plough to forward you on your journey, would admit of.

I arrived at Vienna, and, gentle reader, I was disappointed. Let no man, who has travelled through the South of France, through "rich and royal Italy," make, afterwards, a northern tour. It is beginning at the wrong end. If he pursue the other course, he will be more patient under privations, and in the absence of interest and pleasure; whilst he will feel doubly delighted on shaping his course to the southward, where climate, soil, productions, sun, prospect, and interest, will brighten on him as he proceeds; whereas cold, inconvenience, and forbidding manners, meet you every where in the North.

The first person with whom I met at Vienna was Sir Samuel Specific, con-

verted into a perfect German, and settled in the country. I have often observed that where a man is a cypher at home, he readily falls into any character, or assumes any costume, shape, or formation. Not so with a man who has weight in his own country, and who feels his consequence and his character identified with the soil. Upon the whole, we find the stranger readily adopt our dress and appearance; whilst our national inflexibility remains the same, like the marble pillar, which must be broken, to assume another form.

On a farther acquaintance with Vienna, I began to like the town much better than on my first arrival; and economy being my main object, I deter-

mined to remain, and devote myself to study the dead as well as the living page, convinced, that although I had been long in the world, I had still much to learn. I must therefore now bring my story to a close, with an honest confession that old England is ever in my heart and in my mind ; and with an earnest request that the indulgent reader will accept of my account as he would that of his honest agent,

“ ERRORS EXCEPTED.”

THE END.

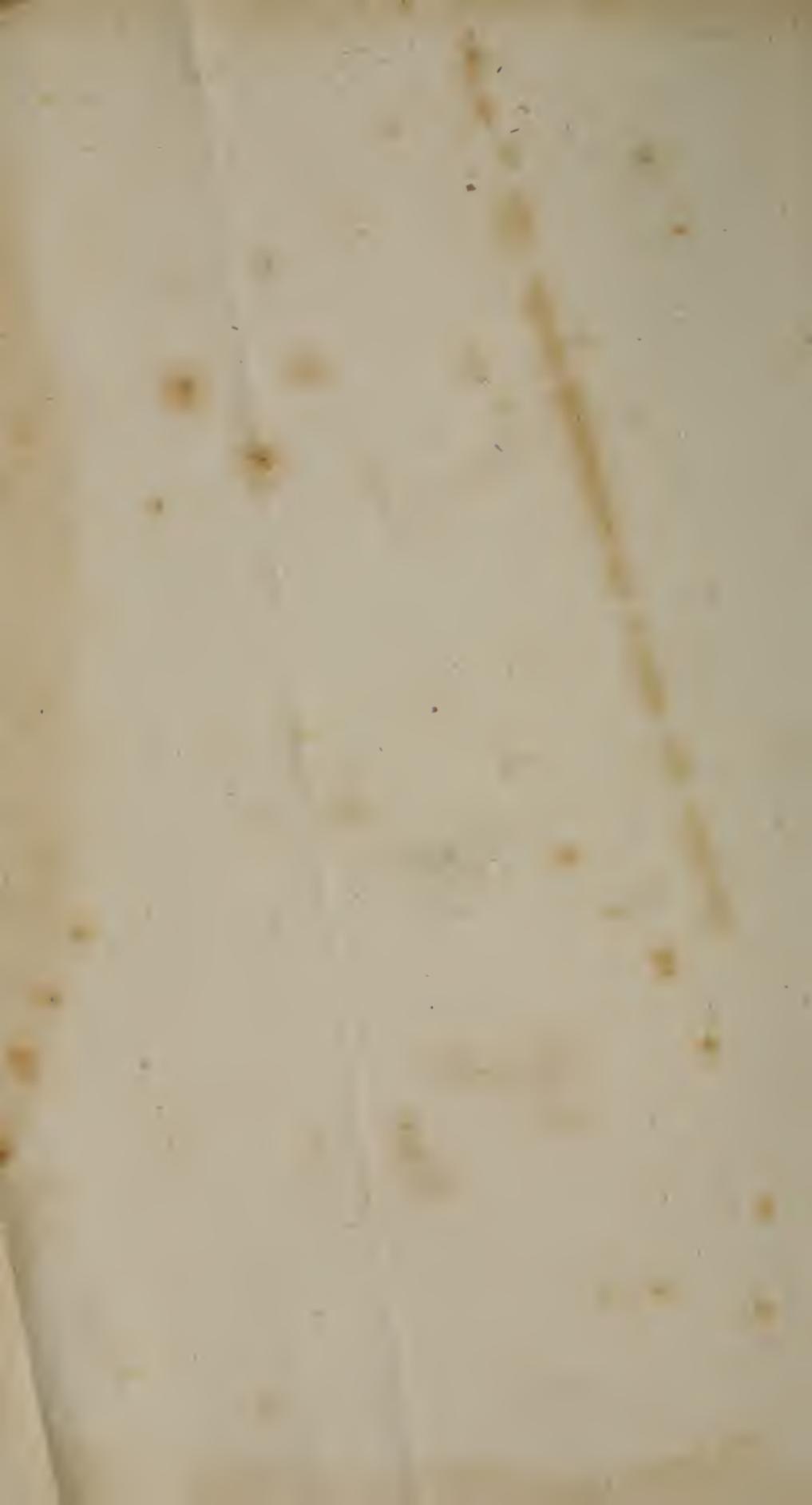
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